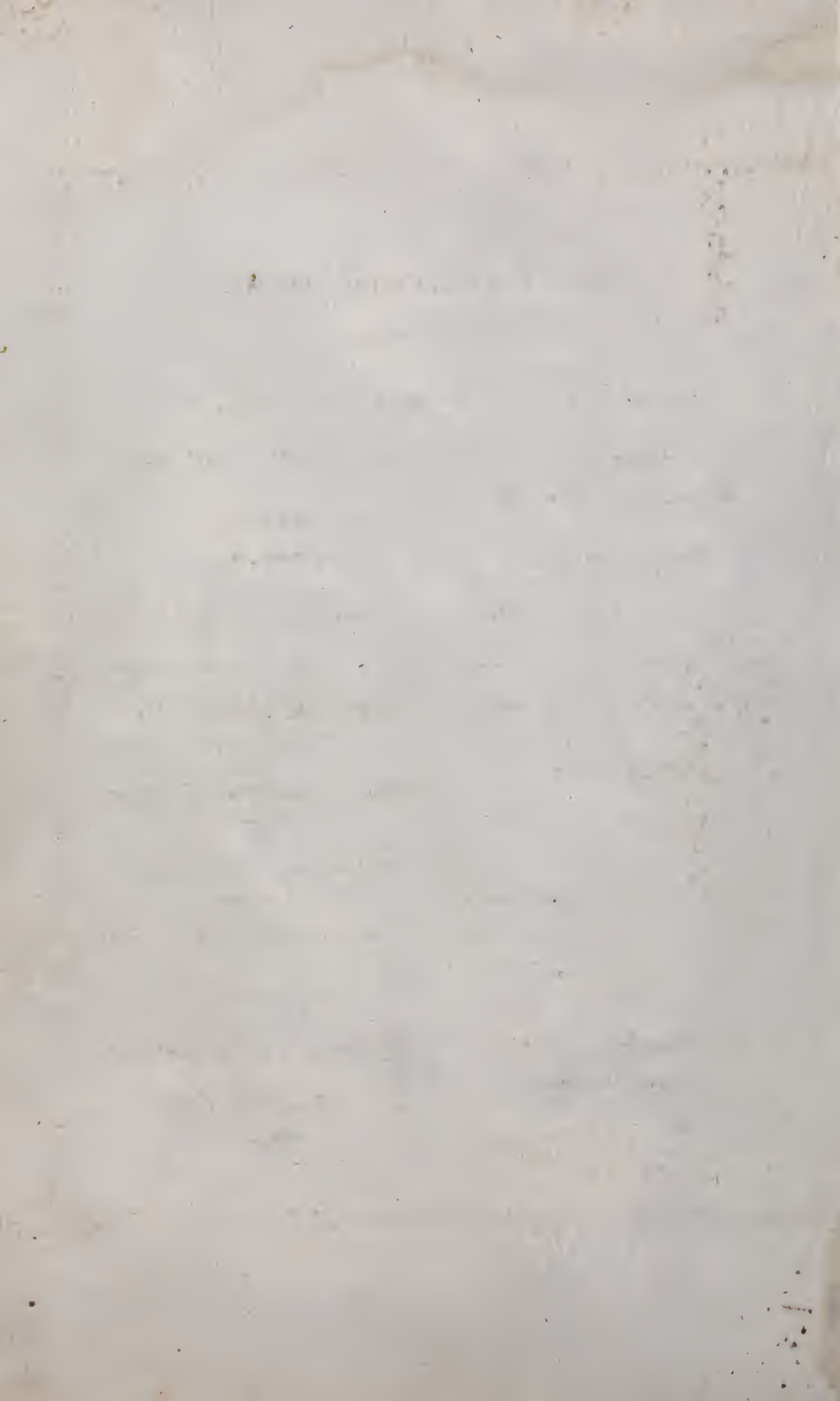


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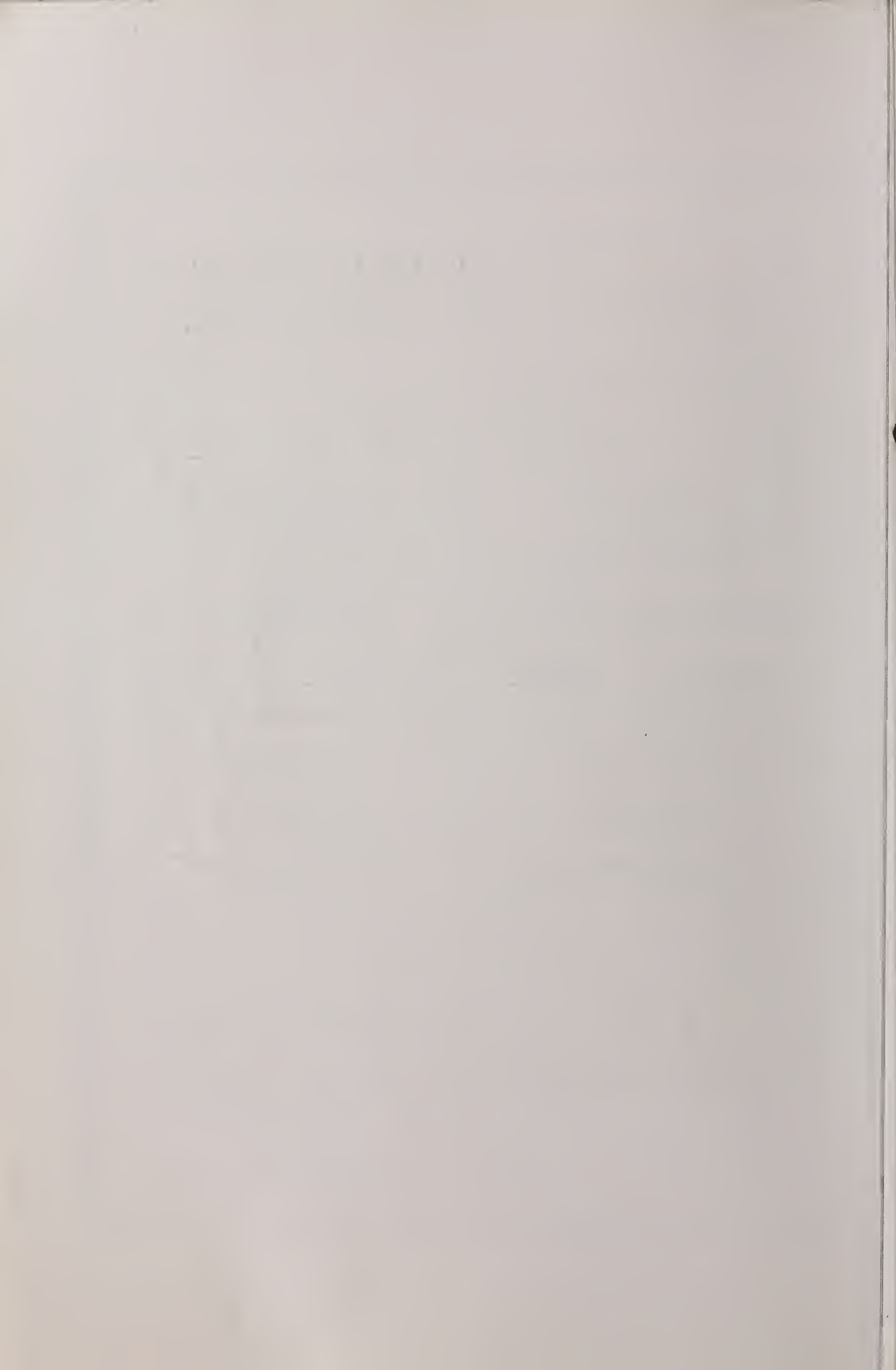
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VOL. XII

IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS

JUNE 18, 1931

Published by the Senior Class of Manning High School

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# Editorial

After twelve years of organized study and recreation, we find ourselves, diploma in hand, about to start out on our own initiative. To some the doors of higher institutions are opening. For others the business world is beckoning. Be it remembered that each pathway must be climbed as painstakingly and undauntedly as we have trod the open road until now.

During the years we have gath-

ered many treasures — friends, memories, knowledge—which alone should be sufficient to carry us on to success.

The rudiments of nobility, virtue, and success are in us all, and it lies with each of us to develop them.

If a moment's sadness fills our hearts at leaving Manning and its joyous days, we can but hope that the future will be as pleasant.

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# Literary

## RAIN

I have always liked to be out in the rain. It is a queer vagary and often inconvenient, but despite wet clothes, colds, and scoldings, I still like few things better than to wander about during a shower. I think this wild obsession dates from the time when, as a child, I slept in a room directly under the roof and

was often lulled to sleep by the cheerful pattering on the shingles. There is something very comforting and soothing about the murmuring rustle of a light shower and something awe-inspiring in the lash and roar of a down-pour.

I don't know quite which I like best—to stroll along in the dusk of a rainy day, feeling the patter against my cheek, smelling the



sweet, fresh earth-smell, hearing the drip of the water from the wet leaves into the puddles and the subdued sound of the fresh raindrops from Heaven,—Angel's tears they might be called,—trying to wash away the dust and drabness of the earth by their cooling purity,—I do not know whether I like all this best, or to return home after being out in the rain, to come in where it is light, dry, and warm, to sit down by an open window and gaze out into the mist and pick out the different tones made by the falling raindrops, landing on field and tree, roof and river, and to distinguish the various tints of green and blue and grey of the landscape as it gradually fades into night. All sounds and colors are united and imperceptibly changed. What has formerly been glaring and blatant now becomes softened and blended artistically with its surroundings. A calm, peaceful melancholy possesses me, and I fall into a reflective reverie. As I gaze out into the beating rain, dreams become much more real. When the distance is veiled in blue gray mist, the prospects of possibilities behind it are much greater. They are not ambitious aspirations of pomp and power that occupy me at these times, but comforting, hopeful dreams of silence and peace, the silence of beauty and the peace of perfection. And the soothing spell of the raindrops fosters and sustains these illusions, for only in rainfall do they approach reality. Usually in moments of happiness we desire companionship. With me, dreams are enough; anything else would break and dispel the mood. Who should want more when he has thousands upon thousands of falling, pellucid raindrops to make music for him,

and rain-drenched foliage to create beauty for him.

To me the very word "drenched" conjures up the sight of a rosebush in full bloom bending low beneath a weight of blossoms and of water, drenched in crystal and in beauty, drops falling from its lower leaves and petals, and the clean, clear smell of fresh-washed air, combined with sweetness of the scent of roses.

The year's rainfall seems to me an allegory of life. The showers of spring are compared with youth, the odorous, delicate, and beautiful but fleeting showers of April and May being comparable to the period of youth with its short but intense periods of beauty and thought. Later comes the rain of summer with its heavier, less-frequent storms accompanied by lightning and thunder. This is emblematic of the passions, emotions, and activities of maturity. The disagreeable, drizzly storms of autumn and of squaw winter may be thought similar to the failures and disillusion of middle age when the mind realizes the vanity and uselessness of humanity and its hopes and fears. Finally comes winter and its calm, austere, and peaceful snow falls. Snow is only frozen rain. Old age is merely life crystalized. The meditative beauty of snowfalls is parallel to the peace and contemplations of age when men realize that despite the frets and irritations of their previous life, there is a Truth surpassing man to whom all things are clear and to whom all things are beautiful.

The earth is always a fresher, cleaner place following a shower. It has a chance to start anew. Just as a flood of tears will purge the overloaded heart of sorrow, the healing balm of spring rains washes

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it free of dirt and dust. The grass is greener and more sparkingly green. The leaves and boughs hold themselves in a gayer attitude. The sun shines with a new luster and the air holds a new promise in its scent. All the earth seems glad, happy, and carefree after a shower, and we dull mortals plod along and drudge along as before, noticing nothing, wilfully losing our best chance for happiness and beauty.

—Ralph Ladd.

### TO A STAR

Oh little star so far away,  
Where do you stay day by day?  
Where does your tiny twinkling  
light

Stay when it is no longer night?  
When dark clouds cover skies of  
blue

Tell me, star, just where are you?  
I'd like to be a star so bright  
That twinkles through the long,  
dark night

And help to guard the wanderer  
home

From fields afar where he must  
roam.

Who lights your little light so  
bright

To cheer us through the lonely  
night?

I wish I were the same as you  
To live in all the sky of blue.  
Ages and ages there, you've shown  
Up there so high in your heavenly  
home.

Would you not like to come to see  
My home on earth which shelters  
me?

—Evelyn Comeau.

### DEATH

White mist on the shoreline  
Rolling away,

To show the somber forest,  
Across the bay.

Just as when Death comes, and  
The white mysteries of life,  
Rolling away,  
Show that there's a shoreline  
Across that bay.

—W. A. Grover.

### NADNEK

It was a perfectly glorious day. The beach was thronged with people. The blue waves curled up and rolled in, white and foaming. Dotted here and there were colored beach chairs with lolling sleepers in them, their unread newspapers flapping in the breeze.

It was Nadneks' holiday. He and his little Italian wife were going to enjoy themselves as much as possible because tomorrow Nadnek was going far from his little wife, but today . . . He looked down at her now as he stood beside her as she gazed rapturously out to sea. Her dusky cheeks were delicately flushed with excitement, and the pulse in her throat beat quickly. His heart contracted in fright. Thank God she was his, but how soon before he'd see her again. His arms tightened, he lowered his head, and a happy smile crossed his face. His son, and what a son he would be! His wife turned, and Nadnek, happy and gay, took her arm, and with the child held tightly to his breast began his fun.

He pushed through the milling mob and saw all there was to be seen,—the sideshows, the merry-go-round, and at length exhausted they sat down on a shady bench, and Nadnek opened the lunch his wife had packed. The child lay asleep and Nadnek and his wife,

their eyes dilated and sparkling in happiness, gazed upon him and talked of his future and of their joy in him. Nadnek did not understand America nor did his wife. They were enough for each other. It didn't matter where they were, and so it happened that Nadnek paid his ten cents and got in the car of the roller coaster. The cars were packed and the baby cooed in delight while his mother and father leaned forward and peered over the sides of the car in ecstasy. The car swept up the steep slope; then with a crashing of iron on iron it was thundering down, a slur—screaming—and a dizzy sensation of falling, falling, falling; again the jerking and crashing and the two, Nadnek and his wife, their breath held in suspense, clasped their son in their arms for the final dash. Nadnek was thinking of their momentous joy and that he must leave them tomorrow. He would not see his son for six months, and his wife . . . The car stopped.

Nadnek helped his wife from the car and then stepped from it himself.

"Nadnek!" His wife fell in a crumpled heap, her face twisted in agony. Nadnek knew now. His son was dead. Their last moment of happiness had killed him. The swift wind that had left them gasping for breath had taken the child's and his cold little body seemed frozen in his father's arms.

—Winifred Austin.

---

## LIFE

There are many puzzles in this world and many mysteries. Of

these mysteries one is the central and foremost. It is the great unanswered question of the world. "What and why is life?" This is a problem which poets and sages have discussed and argued but never answered.

Of this great subject we have in our knowledge a few facts which may or may not throw light upon it. We know that we come into this world by a means which neither science nor religion can explain. This is done wholly independently of our own wishes. We know that when we are born we have before us a great scope of action, an opportunity for good or evil limited only by ourselves. We know that on the threshold of life, each, knowingly or unknowingly, willingly or unwillingly, takes the path of his life which will finally lead him to the grave after a period of years. Some measure life no better than in that manner. We know that life is never satisfactory, never fulfilling the promises of youth, and we are moved to ask in plaintive tones, "Were we made only for this?" And finally we know that we disappear from this earth in as strange and unaccountable a manner as we came into it. In fact, the more we think we know, the less we really do know of it.

In contemplating the limitless scope of life, one who has the ability to weigh and judge ideas clearly must take one of two viewpoints. He may be rational and use common-sense, accepting his own limitations and failings, deciding that this is the best possible world after all, concluding that life as he sees it is an established fact, an incontrovertible fact, and that he might



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as well make the best he can of it, not troubling himself much about where and what life came from and to where and to what it will go. For this point of view he has as evidence his senses, seeing, hearing, etc., and his logical, reasoning brain.

As to the other point of view, the religious, poetic attitude, one may believe that this material world and life are merely secondary, that the human spirit comes from and returns to an infinitely greater and better place than this, that in each heart there is something of the God-like and changeless, and that man has unlimited power over himself. For this side he has as evidence imagination and a certain part of our being, an elusive, misunderstood quality called a soul.

In other words, man may sensibly accept his inevitable limitations or stupendously play the fool and declare that he is at will omnipotent in life. To support the first alternative he has a finite organism which has often been proved erroneous; for the other an infinite, immaterial quality which has never been proved to exist at all. One places his trust in what he thinks he sees; the other in what he knows he doesn't see. Of course, these observations apply only to those who do cut away from convention and think for themselves.

Accepting the first premise, the present becomes of superlative importance, the main object of life being to enjoy it at the moment. Most people accept the pursuit of happiness as the ultimate occupation, though probably they wouldn't if someone hadn't told them to. It is a selfish theory that one should have as good a time as possible in life, but though sometimes discred-

itable, selfishness is a necessary element in the world. The mass of people, although professing to be religious, unconsciously follow this doctrine.

Proceeding on the second basis of thought, one enters the realm of faith. Admitting the existence of superhuman worlds before and after death, one has before him the relation of life to these. Is it greatest or least? The poet utterly refuses to accept anything less attractive than this world and so makes our life a mere interlude, a strange interlude, between unlimitedly higher existences where all mysteries are made clear. With this admission comes the idea of dividing after-existence. Heaven and hell were probably first invented by priests for their own ends. Yet because of the superstition of human nature and because it worked, this idea has become deeply rooted in the world. Because this existence is full of trials, it is logical to suppose that this whole life is a trial, a preparation for something else. But how can we know what constitutes success in this trial? Material advantages vanish at the grave. Morals and customs vary in different times and places. These facts lead one to think that man invents his God rather than that God invents mankind. Yet the very being and existence of man seems to indicate something greater than himself, some first great uncaused principle which for lack of a better name we call God.

It is an observed fact that the world gives to mankind in proportion to what it receives. Man gets what he deserves in the long run. It is logical to reason that at death the human soul, spirit, identity, or whatever one may choose to call



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the unmaterial, divine spark in a man, will be dealt with in accordance to what it has to offer. This must be in spiritual terms, not material; in thoughts, not deeds; and in intentions, not actions.

At the beginning of life we all have an equal chance spiritually, although never materially. It is what we make of this chance that counts. There is an opinion that only a few great events in a person's life really count, that all else is negligible. The beauty and perfection of detail that God strews about us in Nature is sufficient refutation of this stand. Rather it seems to me that at death the soul is judged by its life as a whole, an artistic whole, for it is the soul that directs the body. The whole is greater than the part; therefore, every little incident, every minor thought, helps to build up or break down the structure of the soul.

The painter tries to achieve beauty by a reproduction of a very small part of life. The sculptor also. No book nor music can portray more than an artistic reproduction of life, and a very limited part. Yet when successful, the artist in any field of beauty is praised and honored. Not every one can be an artist with

words or images, but every person has an infinitely greater opportunity in his own self and life. Everyone has himself to work with. Everyone has the opportunity to dip his mental fingers into a living, sentient bit of the changeless and immortal and to mold it into a greater artistic completeness than any earthly endeavor.

This must be done not merely by conformation to contemporary morals and laws but by appreciation of the beauties and wonders of Nature and the evidence of God in ourselves. Material acts do not count in comparison with spiritual emotions. It is better to feel the strong heart-tug of sympathy than to give millions in charity merely to be called a philanthropist. We should be judged by quality and not quantity. God created all spiritual parts of us. What we call good or evil in ourselves must come from God and it is undoubted that only good and beauty can come from Him. Let us then, freely exercise all emotions and desires of the spirit, for in that way lie beauty and God, and criticize only the grosser influences of the world.

—Ralph Ladd.

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# Graduation Essays

## IN DEFENSE OF PURITANISM

Ralph Ladd

Now that the Tercentennial celebration of the founding of Massachusetts is over, many people know less about the Puritans than they did before. They have learned much about the chairs and fireplaces that the Puritans used but little of the Puritans themselves. Some people consider the Puritans as men who were so persecuted by the English royalty and the aristocracy that life in England became unbearable to them, and so they came to Massachusetts to establish an ideal community of religious freedom and democracy. Others consider the Puritans as gloomy, iron-souled hypocrites who were constitutionally unable to enjoy life themselves and were therefore determined that nobody else should. It is the fashion to cast the blame of anything in modern life that is repressive, narrow, or provincial on the blighting influence of the Puritans. It is also a popular delusion that the only Puritans in the world were the ones who came to the shores of New England.

To discuss any historical movement we must first find out just what principles it declares and what its sources are. Careful study convinces one that the essence of Puritanism is an earnest effort to live a life nearer to God. It was with this aim that a group of sincere, strongly religious men gave up the land of their birth and sought to build a city of God in the wilderness of America. They were the first to call themselves Puritans, but

their spirit had existed since the dawn of civilization. Ever since men have been aware of a greater thing in the world than immediate necessities, a few idealists have attempted to find truth and moral perfection by harmonious union of faith and austere self-controlled study. These men were Puritans. St. Paul was the greatest Puritan. He attempted to elevate the moral level of humanity by an earnest application of the teachings of Christ and he set up Christian churches everywhere. The group of English Puritans of the 17th Century attempted to build an ideal community founded on the Bible and they established a system of schools and a college to spread this ideal. Paul lost his head to Nero, and the Puritans are now ridiculed and misrepresented; but Paul lives a larger life in the teachings of the Christian religion, and the Puritan spirit is the most commendable spirit in this teeming country today.

Some of the principles of Puritanism were absolute reliance on the Bible as the foundation of religion; simplicity and sincerity in worship; deep intolerance of heresy and false doctrines; abiding respect for law as a principle, but ceaseless opposition to laws as made by kings and bishops; strengthening of the character by self-discipline; and firm belief in themselves as God's elect.

With these ideals in mind the Puritans had colonized Massachusetts. These men were emphatically not oppressed peasants nor stern fanatics—they were the best of the English student and upper middle classes. Their strongest contingency

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came from the universities of Cambridge and Oxford. They were neither persecuted nor impoverished by the King. Many of them were wealthy and noble in their own lands. At that time King Charles was too busy keeping his head on good terms with the rest of his body to persecute them if he had wanted to. They came here with no intention of founding a haven of democracy and religious freedom.

They disliked religion and government in England and wanted to live as they pleased and to govern themselves as they wished. The church and State of New England were intensely aristocratic, but it was an aristocracy of character and ability. Of the sixteen thousand people in Massachusetts then only four thousand of them belonged to the Puritan Church and could vote. These men were narrow minded; they had to be. The path of Truth and Righteousness is always a narrow path.

Although not encouraging non-Puritan immigration, they did not forbid it, and they allowed people of different faiths to live with them as long as they obeyed Puritan laws and did not break the peace. When these non-Puritans disregarded the law they were banished or punished severely. Roger Williams was banished but only after he had been preaching socialism and treason on the streets. Three Quakers were hanged but only after they had repeatedly broken the laws and defiled the Puritan Churches. These sturdy idealists certainly did things their own way without regard for man or king. Ordered by Cromwell to sell a number of Scotch rebels into slavery they calmly set them free. after these rebels had worked out their passage, and told

Cromwell that it was against their principles. Ordered by the restored Charles II to give suffrage to the members of the Church of England, they unconditionally refused on the grounds that Anglican morals were not to be trusted. As I said before, they were idealists who looked only to God and to their consciences for justification of their deeds.

In a study of the Puritans three divisions are soon noticed. The Pilgrims who came from Holland were very different from the Puritans. They were oppressed peasants who favoured democracy and religious freedom; yet they lived as friendly neighbours to the Puritans. The first generation of Puritans in this country was the one to whom all the foregoing remarks apply. Most of them were born in England. But a few generations later the iron in the Puritan veins seems to have rusted. There was no appreciable improvement nor addition made to Puritan doctrine during the whole of the eighteenth century. At the beginning of the nineteenth, a new revival of the liberal progressive spirit of the seventeenth century Puritan resulted in Transcendentalism and Unitarianism. For the period of one hundred years before the War for Independence there are few excuses to be made and many needed. The struggle for existence and the isolation from Europe produced stagnation. Religion, which had been austere, now became stern and forbidding; government, which had been just and strict, now became harsh and often tyrannical. Intolerance replaced the liberalism of John Winthrop, and pedantry replaced the education of Norton and Corbett. This is the Puritanism which Nathaniel Hawthorne por-



trayed, and there is good cause for all of his condemnation. This condition was the result of victory. The Puritan spirit was essentially a fighting spirit and when it had successfully fought the errors of Catholicism and Anglicanism, and heresy within its own ranks, there was nothing left to fight and it collapsed of itself. Intolerance left a smudge on history and hypocrisy became common. Yet the men of that time were not as bad as they were painted. Cotton Mather, the theological leader of this period, when he was forty and after the death of his second wife, received a proposal of marriage from the prettiest young lady in Boston, even in that age of propriety. There can be no denial nor softening of the faults of the Puritans of this later period. Religion became much theological than ever before. The strict character standards put face value high and fostered hypocrisy, which was the great curse of the Puritans. However, although the faults increased during this period and the early vigor faded, the virtues of the Puritans still stand.

Among the qualities of the Puritans that call for praise is that of idealism. It was the spiritual groping towards something better, the trying to progress by improving the man, not his conditions, that first started the Puritan movement. Reasoning would have told them that a City of God was as impossible in one part of this earth as another. Yet idealism allowed no peace of mind until an attempt had been made. Turned into new channels, disguised under different names, this same spirit created and built America and supplied a whole new ideology for it.

Merely a vision and hope of bet-

ter things would have done little without strength and continuity of purpose. The Puritan not only saw what to do, but did it. He risked everything he had, life being placed among the least, when he came to America. Starvation, savages, the hostile nations of France and Spain, exposure, pestilence, and above all the heavy hand of England, were daily menaces. The Puritans placed degradation as the worst of conditions and preferred to die in independent poverty and danger than to live in dependent affluence.

Puritan theology was narrow and sometimes bigoted. The New England clergy attained a power that never had existed in England. The Bible was the sole source of religion and the Old Testament more than the New. Theirs was no God of love and mercy but a stern God, though a just one. Fundamentally they were Calvinists, holding that the natural instincts of life are evil and that men are born sinners. Salvation would come only to the few that kept God's covenant and succeeded in improving themselves by judicious development of the higher and control of the lower emotions. They were the Elect. All others in the world and many of themselves were only fit to be damned. Shall we condemn this attitude? How do we know that it was wrong? We may judge only by the way they upheld it, and in this there is room for little but admiration.

The oftenest and most persistent accusation against the Puritan is that he opposed and destroyed beauty. This is true in detail and untrue in general. It cannot be denied that the Cromwellian armies destroyed many beautiful things in the Anglican Churches, and it cannot be denied that the Puritan wor-



ship was utterly devoid of all the ceremonies and beautiful objects associated with traditional Christianity. The Puritan always placed the spiritual before the material. He wanted nothing between himself and his God. Christ was born in a barn. Was it unfitting for his followers to worship in like circumstances? God said, "Thou shall have no other gods before me." The Puritan placed neither God nor man, ceremony nor ritual, before his faith. The Puritan mind was not artistic; it was strong, virtuous. "Virtue is a kind of beauty," said a Puritan; but it was not artistic. Working with a gun in one hand and an axe in the other, one hardly has time to paint beautiful pictures or to write great poems. In the useful occupations there was much appreciation shown. New England has a splendid tradition of craftsmanship. The excellence of Puritan cabinet-work is still recognized, and in the prose of the period one may find flashes of beautiful and effective English. They built houses of the purest architectural standards in America. The Puritan placed faith above beauty, and duty above pleasure, but that does not mean that he despised either. Much, indeed, on the contrary!

One of the most valuable works of the Puritans was their government. It combined the best of the democratic and aristocratic systems. The voting list was small, church membership and a character test being required, and the official standard of integrity was very high. The town-meeting for local affairs and a representative body for state affairs were brought to high efficiency. Wealth and birth had little influence. A man was judged for what he was and not for what he

had. On a small scale New England had that enviable body, an aristocracy of brains and character.

The greatest thing which the Puritans did was to establish a system of education. This education was primarily to train men for the ministry. As the Bible was the great book of the Puritans, the clergy must be able to read it in the original languages of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Add to these mathematics, ethics, and logic, and there is a classical education. The Puritans had formed a set of principles and attempted to continue them by education. Primary education of all boys was required and higher was encouraged. The standard of education in those days was higher than now. John Winthrop, Jr., who founded Ipswich, was in constant correspondence with over eighty world leaders in all fields of thought and action. Ezekiel Cheever, who taught here in Ipswich, was the greatest teacher of that time. William Brewster and Richard Mather were accounted scholars in England. Cotton Mather, in addition to speaking several languages and being considered a great scholar, wrote more than most men have time or thought enough to read.

The classical education taught men what to **be**; the modern teaches men what to **do**. The old gave ideas; the new facts. In twenty years from now the college graduating classes of 1931 will have achieved success in material things and will have retired to comfort and enjoyment of Crane plumbing, Ford automobiles, and steam-heated houses. Twenty years from their graduation the classes of 1631 in England had conquered a wilderness, and set up a city of God, not on laws, prosperity, nor favour, but

on industry, sound learning, and high morals. It is sad to see the scorn of this generation for that generation of 1631 which was chosen by God to be the rock on which American life is built. The conception of progress has changed. The classical education fostered, developed, and sustained English and American Puritanism. Their education sent them out to battle for ideals, social principles, and a new theory of life. Is it too late to knit into a glorious whole the heritage of the past with the accomplishments of the present? As we go forth into our modern world, let us take with us the facts which we have gathered here these last four years, given us with patience and generosity by those who have instructed us and adding to them a desire to use them, not as ends, but as means, to attain to objectives as high as the Puritan objectives and by so doing we will live worthy of those sturdy men, whose descendants we are, fulfilling and not betraying their traditions.

Judged by his own standard the Puritan was imperfect. Judged by ours he was imperfect, but he came closer to his than any other group has come to its standards. In history it is unfair to judge other people and times by our ideas. In condemning the Puritans as a whole we should be more intolerant than they and much less intelligently so. People may say, "Thank God the Puritans are dead," but they know little about the true Puritans. Let us hope that the Puritan spirit is still alive. If we can ask ourselves, "Shall we do as we ought to do and not as we want to do?" and feel a strong affirmative response stirring within us, we are Puritans. The Puritan spirit is still alive, and it

will be a disastrous day for America and for the rest of the world when it ceases to be.

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## GERMANY'S CONTRIBUTION TO CIVILIZATION

Fabian S. Ciolek

With the reinstatement of the study of the German language in the schools and colleges of our land and the softening of the bitter feelings against Germany resulting from her part as played in the World War, the time has perhaps now come when it may be well to forget our hatred and to review the great and lasting contributions of Germany to civilization. Who has not heard of the famous scientist Einstein, or of the world-renowned "Zeppelin," or of the famous musicians, Beethoven and Mozart? Thus Germany has shown her influence in the social, cultural, and political fields.

The social influence of the German element consists in the cultivation of those arts which divert from the narrow path of selfish interest and material gain and which elevate, enoble, and increase the joy of living. Of all the influences of Germany, the influence of music has been lasting and supreme. She had founded an empire of music before she created a political empire. The civilized world of today is more deeply indebted to Germany than to any other nation for its rich heritage of classical music. The first orchestral director in Boston was the German pioneer, Graupner, often called "the father of American orchestral music." Some of the well-known figures from the assemblage of musical geniuses which have never been equaled are Bach,



Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Wagner, and many others. I wonder if there is any other country that can equal Germany in producing the most wonderful music that has ever been heard.

Scientifically, Germany gave to the world Leibnitz, who invented calculus; Schleiden and Schwann, who established the cell theory in plants and animals; Pander and Von Baer, who worked out the history of mammalian embryo; and the most recent of the scientists, who has recently visited this country, is Einstein, about whom we all know. There are also many chemists, physicists, and philosophers of the first rank who are Germans.

Germany's rich literary contribution is almost a hidden treasure to some. The popular epic of medieval times, the "Nibelungenlied," which portrays Teutonic life, is still, however, a favorite classic among us today. More recently the name of Goethe, one of Germany's most distinguished poets, and also that of Schiller have thrilled the world.

Among her educators may be mentioned Von Holst, professor of American history in the University of Chicago, who has left an enduring monument in his "Constitutional History of the United States."

A very recent development in education should not fail to receive mention, that of the interchange of professors, a practise greatly encouraged by Emperor William of Germany. This has led to the exchange of teachers and students as well and is being today advocated as a means of promoting international peace.

Passing from the highest grade of education to the lowest, but by

no means the least in importance, we come to the kindergarten, a German institution, founded by a lover of the young, Friedrich Froebel. The first kindergarten attempted in this country was in Wisconsin by a German woman in 1855. Now there is a kindergarten in almost every town and state.

Gymnastics were introduced in Germany in the first quarter of the eighteenth century by Friedrich Ludwig Jahn. He wished to see men independent and vigorous in body and in mind. Beck, one of his followers, having been exiled from his country, arrived in America and was appointed a teacher in Northampton, Massachusetts, and under his direction there was erected at once the Round Hill Gymnasium at Harvard. Now every college requires that a student take physical exercise for at least one semester. Thus the beginning of gymnastic work in America was by a German.

Thus the German traits have united the various formative elements of the people more securely and more harmoniously. As one writer states, "In common with English stock of England and America, the origin of education, music and art; he shares with the Scot a keen sense of duty; he touches the Irish with his emotional nature, his joy of living, and his sense of humor; and thus linking the great national elements together, the German provides genuineness, virility, and aspiration."

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## ART IN OLD IPSWICH

Ruth W. Beals

Many of those persons who visited the new Burnham Art Galleries last summer were surprised to learn

that Ipswich claimed so many artists. It is no wonder artists are attracted to this historic and beautiful town, for there are natural beauties here which must appeal strongly to a person of artistic temperament.

Our Puritan forefathers, struggling to gain independence, had little time to think of art. Their seeming neglect of the fine arts is often attributed to the harshness and austerity of Puritan nature; yet as a matter of fact they did not neglect art. They were lovers and creators of beauty. Within their old homes we find beauty everywhere in such things as the hand-hewn beams, the paneled walls, the simple beauty of the staircase, and even in the slope of the roof. They might not have recognized art as we understand it, yet all these things they did prove our forefathers were lovers of beauty.

Art as art, however, was something entirely new to the Ipswich tradition, appearing for the first time in the latter part of the 19th century. As late as 1850 house painters also did portrait painting. It is reported that when artists first started painting, the assessors tried to levy taxes on the artists' sketches, asserting their work was a trade. The French art schools learning of this thought Ipswich a survival of the Dark Ages, for they did not know a community could live without knowledge of the fine arts.

Professor Arthur Wesley Dow was the first in Ipswich to adopt art as a profession. After several years of study in the French schools, successful exhibits in the Paris Salon, where he received honorable mention in competition with such men as John Singer Sargent and James McNeil Whistler, and this

followed by several years of successful teaching in colleges and universities, he returned to his native Ipswich and here began his summer school of art. Professor Dow was fortunate in possessing the art of teaching art. Thus his influence was greatest in training teachers of art, and his methods have done much to revolutionize the teaching of art in schools and colleges. For several years his summer school was conducted with great success, pupils—both students and teachers of art—coming from all parts of the country. There are still several hundred art teachers who received their training in Ipswich.

Mr. Dow's first classes were held in a little studio in the Caldwell Block, and his pupils were taken in an omnibus to the outlying districts to sketch. Mrs. MacArthur, late wife of Dr. MacArthur, was a member of this original group. She became an artist of considerable merit. Before her marriage Mrs. Henry Kenyon also studied at the summer school. She has since done excellent work as a painter of portraits, especially of children. The Misses Bates were also pupils of Professor Dow. They settled in Ipswich and built their home, "Redledge." Also of this group is Miss Harriet Condon, who has devoted her life to art.

Later as the classes increased Mr. Dow took up his quarters in the Old Emerson House on Turkey Shore Road. One year ago the late Mrs. Dow conveyed this property to the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. It was in that quaint old house that the classes were continued until finally Mr. Dow built his studio on Bayberry Hill.

A group of artists not Ipswich-



born but residents for many years did much to carry on the traditions of the Ipswich art colony. Mr. Henry Kenyon was one of these. He studied in Paris with Mr. Dow and also exhibited his work in the Paris Salon. When he returned to America after having spent a few years in France and Italy, he was attracted to Ipswich and settled here. Mr. Kenyon's beautiful oil paintings of landscape and sky when once seen are never forgotten.

Another artist of this same group is Mr. John W. Mansfield. After four years of study at Paris in L'Ecole des Beaux-Arts, he came to Ipswich. Every native of this town should be familiar with Mr. Mansfield's beautiful paintings of Ipswich marshes and dunes.

Residing in Ipswich for several years has been an artist of nationwide distinction, Theodore Wendel, who likewise studied in Paris and later in Florence and Venice. He has received many prizes and medals for his fine work. We should indeed consider ourselves fortunate in being able to see an exhibit of his work last summer.

Mr. Francis H. Richardson is also of this group. He also studied abroad and received honorable mention when exhibiting in the Paris Salon.

Miss Elsie Heard, a native daughter of a distinguished Ipswich family, took up the study of the fine arts, and has done admirable work as a painter of portraits.

Although the Ipswich art colony has diminished since Professor Dow's time, we still have a few artists who carry on the old tradition. Among the contemporary artists dwelling in Ipswich are Professor Kimball, a lover of music as well as painting; Mrs. Baylor, a painter of

still life; Mrs. Consuelo Hills, sculptress; Mr. Leon Bracker, a nationally-known illustrator; and Mr. Mark Hayes, a recent graduate of Manning High, who took a prize in a Boston competition.

Now it is for us, of this generation, to carry on the work so well begun, to observe the beauty which surrounds us, and to love and create the beautiful!

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### **"NON SCHOLAE SED VITAE DISCIMUS"**

**Gladys Durham**

"Non Scholae Sed Vitae Discimus"—we learn not for school but for life. These years spent in study have been but a background for life. The ability to express oneself comes through the study of languages. History and civics enable one to understand present-day conditions. Mathematics is provocative of concentration and mental discipline. Athletics and social activities as well are important in that they train youth to cope with whatever emergencies and situations that may arise throughout life. One learns how to judge his fellow men and to recognize leaders who can be depended upon.

Youth of today, perhaps more than ever before, is awake to its responsibilities and the importance of playing worthwhile parts in the age-old game of living successfully. And so, tonight, we, the class of 1931, have come to the turning point of our lives, reaching a crisis which will decide whether or not all the golden dreams of childhood are to be realized. We find ourselves faced with the obligation of carrying on and of realizing not only our own visions, but also those of former generations. It is for us

to find the way through present-day depression. Thus it is all over the world.

And yet when we turn to our elders for guidance and advice, we find them comparing us with youth in the good old days—the days when a school master ruled supreme in his little red school house and shuddered at finding individuality and creativeness in youth.

Sir Arthur Eddington is quoted as saying, "It may be that the human race is no better than it was two thousand years ago, but it is different and that in itself is a good thing." Life in this so-called machine age is different. A rapid development is shown in the schools. A greater freedom is found in the schoolroom and youth is allowed to quench its thirst for knowledge. Teachers find it advisable to descend to the level of their pupils and to find glory in training them for participation in life as a social being.

Oft in the chronicles of history one finds that the policy of great rulers in governing their people has been to suppress and to keep them in blissful ignorance. But in so doing discovery, invention, and creation have been suppressed as well as revolt. Youth has its dreams, its visions, and its ambitions which cannot be put down. We seek through education to understand our present-day civilization and the part which each person plays in the world.

Moreover, present-day youth is still at heart religious. However, a great deal of truth and wisdom lies in the words of Doctor Alfred Stearns, beloved principal of Phillips-Andover Academy and a noted champion of youth, who has written, "We must bear in mind that

there is a distinct difference between active religious interest and being still at heart religious. The latter is the natural endowment with which we are all blessed by our Creator. For the former we ourselves are chiefly responsible; and if the youth of the present day has lost its religious interest, it is because of the conditions and influences by which it has been surrounded, and for these we of an older generation must bear the blame."

If youth seems pleasure-mad, restless, and strange in its mode of living, you, our elders, must take into consideration the conditions which youth did not create but which it nevertheless must overcome. Always mankind condemns that which it does not understand. Youth is sending forth a challenge for sympathy, understanding, and above all—confidence. Confidence such as Giovanni Gentile, the distinguished educator and philosopher, showed in an address given in Italy some years ago. He pleaded with his countrymen for higher moral standards and nobler living. His pleas having been met with much doubt and cynicism, he cried with great intensity of feeling, "I am not speaking to the older generation. The mind of the older generation has broken down. I make my appeal to youth, and youth will hear and answer me."

He was right. Youth has not failed him. Youth is ever seeking the bright and pure side of life even if it cloaks its feelings. And so, as the years go on, may we walk the straight and narrow path without becoming narrow minded. For the present let us remember the words of a modern poet—



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" 'Tis time this fallen world should  
rise;  
Let Youth the sacred work begin!  
What nobler task, What fairer prize  
Than earth to save and heaven to  
win?"

## **CLASS DAY PARTS**

### **CLASS HISTORY**

**By Frank Machaj**

In September of the year 1927 the graduates of the Junior High Schools of Ipswich and Rowley started on their career in Manning to obtain a high school diploma. The first few days were characterized by much uncertainty. We were given programs to fill out about which we knew very little, especially the locations of the various rooms, but with the help of the faculty we found our rooms satisfactorily, if late. The freshmen felt very dignified because the faculty placed "Miss" before the girls' names and called the boys by their last names. As we had not a few beauties in our class from Rowley, it was customary to see a few upperclassmen in the so-called "attic" during every recess. After a few weeks we became accustomed to our classmates and new surroundings, and everything went along smoothly.

Before we had been in school very long, the class decided that it was absolutely essential to elect officers to direct our activities during our first year. The class elected Gladys Durham, President; Robert Mansfield, Vice President; Norman Ewing, Secretary, and Harris Shea, Treasurer, for the class officers. The daily grind of the freshmen year consisted in climbing three flights of stairs to the top floor

where the freshmen class was located. The only event of importance during the year was a social at which the freshmen were given an opportunity to show the upperclassmen their dancing ability.

We sailed along the rough sea to the sophomore class which was situated across the hall from the senior class. It was an honor to be on the same floor with the noble seniors and a relief to climb only one flight of stairs daily. Before very long we held a class meeting and elected for our class officers Gladys Durham, President; Harris Shea, Vice President; Norman Ewing, Secretary, and Marion Ford, Treasurer. We began the sophomore year very systematically, lording it over the freshmen and enjoying their discomfiture in strange surroundings.

The event which gave the class as sophomores a figure in the eyes of the whole school was the assembly play of Room V. This was a pretentious tableau of Ipswich in several scenes. The first was dancing at a country festival on which the Puritans looked with much disfavor. Then there was a town meeting followed by a service in church and a parley with the Indians. The most interesting part was when the Pilgrim army marched across the stage armed with wooden guns and waving flags. Kent was a great success as Miles Standish, waving his sword above his head and giving orders.

After sailing along smoothly for a year, those that were fortunate enough to obtain the required number of points were admitted to the junior class.

Upon first entering the junior year the majority of us were just getting down to business and think-

ing more seriously of our futures. At our first class meeting the class elected Harry Munro, President; Fabian Ciolek, Vice President; Norman Ewing, Secretary, and Gordon Player, Treasurer.

It being a custom for the junior class to buy class rings, our first duty was to select a suitable ring for the class. Some of us, inspired by "The Oregon Trail" or by the course in American history, managed to sway the minds of the rest of the class members to the choice of an elaborate ring depicting the covered wagon. Our next event was a play entitled "The Life of the Christmas Party." Harry Munro as Audrey Pierson proved himself a man of unusual strength and courage by subduing a burglar (Frank Cook) in his attempt to burglarize the guests of the party. Harriette Goodhue and Joseph Ross acted as Gladys and James Caswood, the hostess and her brother. Our next and most important duty was engineering the annual Junior Promenade. The promenade was very successful due to the efficient committees which were elected to run it.

We then sailed along smoothly to the senior year, at last realizing that we were approaching the port for which we had set out. The officers elected to guide us through our final year were Fabian Ciolek, President; Ralph Ladd, Vice President; Frank Machaj, Secretary, and Atherton Howe, Treasurer. The first appearance of the class as seniors was at a school assembly in November. "They Just Won't Talk" was the name of the sketch, and again our hero, Harry Munro, took the leading part of Uncle George, a returned soldier. Johnny Patch, as the little boy, was of

course cute as usual, especially when he was picked up by his Uncle George and lifted to the ceiling (?). The first real event of importance, however, was the senior play entitled "Adam and Eva," which was coached by Mr. Sumner Nichols. The majority of the class actors were in exile in Room X, and so many of us, heretofore unknown as dramatic possibilities, after much hard work, were converted into actors. Helen Callahan as the younger daughter of a millionaire, Phillip Blaisdell, acted as a flapper with much ability. Except for the bashfulness of Vinson Sheppard, he acted the role of a hero very successfully. Blaisdell made a good papa in spite of his red hair. Norma Tozer as the elder daughter of the millionaire, knowing the technique of love, acted her part very well also. John Patch as Uncle Horace kept the audience laughing during the whole play by his wise remarks, and Grace Heard very ably impersonated Aunt Abby.

The next duty of the class was to have our pictures taken, after which many of us were surprised at the beauty of our classmates. Another event of interest was the Junior-Senior Day. The juniors challenged the seniors to an athletic meet. As usual the seniors won the day which wasn't surprising to many because the class as a whole is inclined toward athletics. In the evening the juniors invited the seniors to a farewell social and dance, thus furnishing one more happy memory of high school days. Before closing I should like to call your attention to some of our class celebrities. I fear they are a little bashful or I should ask them to stand and receive an ovation from the crowd. There is Ruth Beals,



our class artist, whose "Cub" illustrations have constituted no small part of the success of our school publication. Gladys Durham, class author, has also been an untiring worker on the "Sub" and "Tiger" staffs. Our class athlete "At" Howe is another member of whom we are proud. And we must not forget our devoted lovers, Harriette Goodhue and Phillip Blaisdell. Then we have John Patch, who presents the curious anomaly of one who can hold down two such contradictory titles as most popular boy and class pest. There are many others, of course, too numerous to mention but these are enough to show you what a famous class is now before you. You need not be surprised at anything you may hear of us in the future. It is with regret that we now separate, but we are carrying with us a rich heritage of many happy memories of Manning High.

## CLASS PROPHECY

### Norma Tozer and John Patch

Time—1951.

Place—Office of Modern Air Line  
—New York.

John Patch—Good morning, Miss. Something I can do for you?

Norma Tozer—Yes. I'd like to book passage on the four o'clock Rocket for Mars.

John—Two dollars, please. The Rocket leaves at four, arriving at Mars at four-fifteen. What's the name please?

Norma—Tozer—Norma Tozer.

John—Address?

Norma—Room 4000, Lord-Raymond Building, Ipswich, Massachusetts.

John—Ah, Norma Tozer, Ipswich. Sounds familiar. I lived in

Ipswich myself once. Say, didn't you graduate in 1931 from that affair there which we called a high school? I did.

Norma—So did I, but I don't seem to remember you.

John—John Patch?

Norma—Sure enough. Well, well, how are you?

John—Oh, I'm fine but up to my neck in work, trying to manage this air line. How's Ipswich?

Norma—Well, it's grown up a lot in these last twenty years. It's nearly as large as New York, has four new high schools and any number of skyscrapers, the largest of which is the one built by Robert Lord and Roger Raymond. They're contractors, you know, specializing in the building of camps. Webster Stone and Howard Stultz have also graduated from first-class carpenters to contractors, working in competition to Lord and Raymond. Hollywood claimed Vinson Sheppard, but he is a big drawing card in the old home town when his name appears, as it frequently does, over the entrance to the Strand Theatre. "Jo" Ross and Harry Munro are also theatrically inclined. They are still bluffing the public in vaudeville acts on Keith's Circuit.

John—Is that so? Marion Henley and Catherine Sojka (you remember them) were in here only yesterday. They booked passage to Germany. They're professional basketball players and are going over to give the Germans some tips on how the game should be played. What's your friend Helen Callahan doing?

Norma—Oh, she's working as mother's helper in Mr. Burke's family while she's waiting for John to make his pile. Her very good friend Harriette Goodhue is now Mrs.

Blaisdell. Her husband is at present spending thirty days in the New Ipswich Penitentiary for his hundred and first offence against the speed laws. He is, however, a retired business man and keeps a whole fleet of trucks at the disposal of the schools for transportation to and from games.

John—Irene Lampropoulos and Grace Heard left here for France last week. They're going to Paris to perfect their French accent. They plan to teach in Ipswich after a year's study over there. What else do you know about 1931 celebrities?

Norma—Well, only yesterday a young lady whom I recognized as Gladys Durham stopped me on the street in New York and asked me to buy a book. She's quite the same clever business woman that she was in high school. She and Winnie Austin are still partners. One writes books, and the other sells them. At present Gladys is creating a market for "Austin's Original Wisecracks." Then to vary the monotony, Gladys will do the writing and Winnie the selling. Virginia Scotton had lunch with me today. She is a model posing for a commercial artist. She's as good looking as ever. She said that she had just had her pictures taken at Marion Ford's studio. Virginia was not at all satisfied with Marion's work and told me that her photographs were all pretty "Hazy." Virginia's twin sister, Vera, has achieved fame as a costume designer and modiste. Her shop is located on Fifth Avenue where she is patronized by the smart set of the city.

John—I went to a show here the other night. That is, it was a sort of cabaret. You know, half-dressed girls, etc., and whom do you sup-

pose I saw?

Norma—I can't imagine.

John—Ruth Beals, Sarah Torpey, Ruth Flewelling, Beatrice Laite, and Evelyn Comeau. They're all head liners, too, and maybe they can't do some stepping! I also saw some of our classmates last summer when I went to Maine on a fishing trip. Our guides turned out to be none other than Atherton Howe, Boleslaw Cynkus, and George Dziadosz. "At" is still playing football for a professional team and keeps in training up there. Cynkus is in "Rudy Vallee's orchestra. Dziadosz, I believe, is a professional prize fighter. But tell me now what are you doing, and why are you going to Mars?

Norma—Well, you see, I run a beauty parlor specializing in making hair grow quickly by a new process. I'm on my way to Mars now in order to get some tips on the latest modes of hair-dressing. Many of my old classmates come to my shoppe for one thing or another. Only last Tuesday John Wegzyn came in to have a treatment for falling hair. He is a gentleman farmer in Rowley. Mae Wile made an appointment for a manicure. She is a private secretary to the president's wife. Sophie Murdza came in to have her hair done in some new way. She and her friend Gilda Orsini are quite as inseparable as ever although their relations became slightly strained a while ago when they nearly came to blows in an argument over the question as to whether or not gentlemen prefer blonds. But they patched up the quarrel and are now as thick as ever. Gilda is radio announcer of the news bulletins of the Ipswich Chronicle.

John—That's interesting. By the way, I heard Ruth Gillis speak over



the radio last evening. She's may-  
oress of Newburyport now. Follow-  
ing the footsteps of her namesake,  
isn't she!

Norma—Yes, in fact she had her  
hair dyed red at my beauty shop  
just before she went into office in  
order to do justice to the name.  
What's her pal Freda Dodge doing?

John—Oh, I've heard she's a  
match maker. No, not the phos-  
phorous kind. People take their  
troubles of the heart to her and she  
smooths them out for them.

Norma—I had rather expected  
her to go on the stage as a comedi-  
an. She was always amusing us in  
our high school days with her hilari-  
ous remarks. I have tickets for a  
show. I must see what time it starts.

John—Here's a paper. Have  
you noticed Manuel Alexopoulous's  
snappy sport columns as edited by  
him in the New York Times?

Norma—They are snappy, aren't  
they? Yes, it would give the time  
in there. Why, what's this? "Twelve  
story apartment house totally de-  
molished by flames. John Rhodes,  
teacher of physics at the local col-  
lege, while trying to work out a phy-  
sics problem in his apartment,  
caused an explosion which totally  
wrecked the building. Chief Helen  
Brown and Assistant Chief Muriel  
Riley made great efforts to save the  
building." Why, those are the peo-  
ple we used to know. Rhodes was  
always good in physics, but I had  
no idea that he was that good. Helen  
Brown must be following in her  
father's footsteps and Muriel Riley  
saw so many fires out in her part  
of the town that I should imagine  
she would make a good assistant.  
The story was written up by Josephine  
Kozeneska. She must be a city  
news reporter. She lived out in the  
sticks for so long that I suppose she

has taken a liking to city life. Let's  
see if there are any more class  
celebrities in here. Here is an arti-  
cle written by Ralph Ladd. Ralph is  
a philosopher. He has grown a  
beard and retired to the Maine  
woods to engage in metaphysical  
speculations. By the way, have you  
seen the circus that is playing in  
town?

John—Yes, I took the afternoon  
off yesterday and went. Joseph  
Adamowicz plays a calliope and  
Richard Mason was a clown in the  
main ring. Then among a group of  
tight-rope walkers was Eleanor Pea-  
body in a sensational red costume  
and horns representing . . . , you  
know. I wanted to shout to her, but  
I was afraid she might fall. She  
came from Rowley, didn't she?  
What are the other "Rowleyites"  
doing?

Norma—Well, Statia Egounis  
makes daily trips to Boston in her  
truck, carrying her farm products  
to the markets. She is a very suc-  
cessful truck gardener. Anthony  
Jedrey also runs a prosperous farm  
in Rowley. He is running for town  
sheriff this year. I hope he gets it.  
He was a fine fellow. Frank Machaj  
is a professor at Essex Aggie teach-  
ing farm management.

John—Fabian Ciolek had lunch  
with me the day before yesterday.  
He has cultivated a mustache in a  
last desperate attempt to appear  
manly. That doesn't interfere with  
his position as trumpeter in Gold-  
man's Band, however. Have you  
happened to ride in one of Angus  
McLeod's cabs? Seemingly, Angus  
has decided to put his car on a  
working basis. He has one of the  
largest taxi companies in New York.  
Mary Perkins is also located in New  
York. She runs the "Ipswich Clam  
Shoppe" on 7th Avenue. The clams

are supplied by Elmer Dunbar, who is still digging clams on the Ipswich clam flats. The clams are then transported by an airplane owned and operated by Henry Minichiello, who has graduated from his automobile to an airplane. Are there any more business men in our class?

Norma—Yes, or at least one business woman. Rena Samatas runs a chain of grocery stores throughout the country. Helen Hebb is a member of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. We little thought the part that the operetta of our senior year was to play in determining her career.

John—What's Harriet Glover doing?

Norma—Harriet is working back home as an assistant to Mrs. Lord in the Latin department.

John—Well, here is the Rocket that leaves at four. You'd better hurry or you'll miss it. You know you always were late for everything. Well, Norma, I'm very glad to have seen you again, and when you come back from Mars, stop in and have lunch with me.

Norma—Thanks, John, I will. I'm glad to have seen you, too. Well, I've got to hurry. Good-bye, John.

John—Good-bye, Norma. See you later.

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## GIFTS TO GIRLS

Phillip Blaisdell

Do you know that I have worked my brain to a frazzle trying to find a way to deliver these gifts to the girls? First I tried the radio but there was too much of "By special permission of the copyright owners" or by courtesy of the Bulova Watch, it is now—" etc.

Would a camping trip do? Perhaps a fairy or a hideous witch

would come to me on a stormy night and though I'd shake and quiver, she'd tell me too much.

Poetry? Not for me. Neither I nor any of my ancestors have the merits of a Shakespeare.

Here's an idea. I'll charter an airplane and procure twenty-eight gifts. I will have someone pilot this airplane to Ipswich. At just the right moment my pilot will drop the baskets of gifts at my feet in the town hall. Now I am expecting them at any moment—Ah! At last here they are; a whole basket full and none of them is damaged.

Now to Winifred Austin, who you all know is ambitious to become a radio announcer, this little microphone. It may also serve as an entertainment for her Scotch boyfriend.

To Ruth Beals, our class artists, this easel and brush.

To Evelyn Comeau, Ruth Gillis, Josephine Kozeneska, and Sarah Torpey these musical instruments to start a band.

To Helen Callahan, who is in constant need of borrowing a nickel, this nickel to save the boys in her class financial worries.

To Gladys Durham, who has a great interest in Massachusetts Aggie students, this little cow.

To Statia Egounis, this umbrella if it should get "Haley" on her way home.

To Marion Ford, who you all know is interested in plumbing, these tools to help her in her future work.

To Harriet Glover, who is much interested in chemistry, this test tube.

To Harriette Goodhue, a lover of dogs, this pup with which to start a kennel.

To Grace Heard, who has difficul-



ty in spelling, this spelling book to help her avoid further mistakes.

To Helen Hebb, who is the coquette of the class, this toy flapper.

To Marion Henley and Helen Brown, these basketballs to remind them of happy evenings spent playing basket ball.

To Freda Dodge, whose nickname is "Skipper," this boat to help her father transport "males."

To Irene Lampropoulos, this little truck so that she may help her father deliver bananas.

To Sophie Murdza and Gilda Orsini, who are inseparable, these handcuffs.

To Eleanor Peabody, a nimbus to enable her to uphold the tradition of class saint.

To Muriel Riley, this new ford so that she will not have to ride in the "old Linebrook bus."

To Rena Samatas, whose ambition it is to become an aviatrix this airplane.

To Vera and Virginia Scotton, these two twin dresses which may also be used as a model for Vera in future dressmaking.

To Katherine Sojka, who is a great tomboy, this pair of overalls.

To Beatrice Laite, class poet, this pipe to inspire her to write beautiful nature poems.

To Mary Perkins, who has given the boys such stiff competition in clamming, this little barrel in which to keep her supply.

To Norma Tozer, whose ambition it is to travel, this little boat in which to make a trip around the world.

To Ruth Flewelling, a banjo to help her brother keep in tune when he is practicing.

To May Wile, a set of combs to keep the wave in her hair when walking on the beaches.

Now that all of you have been remembered, I hope each gift meets with the approval and satisfaction of the owner. If not, I will pass the buck to my pilot who will receive complaints and give satisfaction, that is, if you can find him.

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## GIFTS TO BOYS

### Harriette Goodhue

Sitting in the Lounge of the largest hotel on La Place de la Concorde in Paris taking note of the chic costumes of the ladies and making sketches of some, I marked a great confusion at the main entrance. Pages, maids, porters, and the proprietor himself were all talking at once.

There had arrived a charming man with a great amount of baggage over which he seemed very anxious, telling the porters to be very careful of it, but as a young porter lifted a much worn bag, it slipped and fell to the floor, bursting open and scattering all sorts of strange things about.

I quickly ran to gather them up and was surprised to be spoken to in English, "Do not bother mam'selle, they are but some trifles of my childhood and youth which I thought to keep but have changed my mind. Here, boy throw these things away." But I, seeing what they were and thinking of you boys at home, begged him to give them to me. He smilingly did so, also helping me to collect them.

In a burst of confidence I told him that I really must bring you some gifts from Paris and these were the very things.

To Phillip Blaisdell who loves to speed, this traffic officer with the injunction to treat him with all due respect and courtesy.

To Boleslaw Cynkus, this saxophone to help him in his nightly serenades and to obtain the crooning quality of Rudy Vallee.

To John Patch, class clown and pest, this little monkey to recall to him his looks and actions during his happy days at Manning.

To Harry Munro, this goat so that he may continue to kid everybody along.

To Atherton Howe, our class caveman, this baseball bat so he may hunt his captives in the good old caveman style.

To John Wegzyn who has the reputation of a farmer, this cow to call him back to the farm.

To Fabian Ciolek our class president, these pillows to use when driving so that he can see over the steering wheel.

To George Dziadose, who has excelled in sports during his high school career, this croquet set so that he may add another sport to his accomplishments.

To Richard Mason, who has fond recollections of his past abode, this little portable cabin to be located in Nahant.

To Elmer Dunbar, this clam digger to aid him in his favorite occupation.

To Howard Stultz, who is very much interested in manual training, this hammer and nails to play with.

To Ralph Ladd, who is in the literary limelight, this pencil and notebook in which to jot down his worthy cogitations.

To Joseph Adamowicz, the class woman-hater, this onion to keep the ladies at a distance.

To Henry Minichiello, who is always on the road, another car to Dodge about in.

To Joseph Ross, who is always tearing his pants, this sewing kit to

use in case of emergency.

To Anthony Jedrey, this sporty roadster, so that he may ride with comfort down Newmarch Street.

To Roger Raymond, who lives near the Salem jail, this revolver to protect him when going home alone nights.

To Manuel Alexopoulos who has been associated with newspapers, this printing press to help him establish his first newspaper.

To Vinson Sheppard, our tough guy in the varsity play, this package of chewing gum to make his characterization more realistic.

To Angus McLeod, this kilt as a constant reminder of his Scotch ancestry.

To Webster Stone, whose favorite sport is playing games with the children, this game of Tiddlywinks.

To Robert Lord, who desires to be a forester, this hatchet to help him on the big trail.

To Frank Machaj, our best looking boy and sheik, this book of beauty hints so he may continue his present role.

Last and least—in years anyway,—to John Rhodes, the baby of the class, these socks and baby's bonnet.

After we had collected all the treasures, I asked if I might know to whom I was so indebted. He then introduced himself as Monsieur Alphonso Bourbon, and I with a gasp realized I had been talking freely to King Alphonso, the thirteenth of Spain.

He, seeing my confusion, put me at ease with rather a wistful smile and a gesture half proud and half humble and remarked, "Although mam'selle I am still a King, I at present haven't a country," but then with a sudden lighting of his fine eyes, "I can now have a little holi-

day and play a little polo of which I am fond. Now if I can no longer be of service to mam'selle I will be excused please." With a deep Spanish bow and a quick military salute, he left the lounge followed by the train of servants.

And so, boys, your gifts are the discarded personal mementos of the last King of Spain, Alphonso the XIII.

**Believe it or not.**

## **CLASS WILL**

**by Angus McLeod**

Be it remembered that We the class of 1931 of Ipswich in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

### **To the Faculty:**

Item: Chairs or benches to be placed in the corridors so they won't have to sit on the table.

Item: Bright colors for afternoon slips to relieve the monotony of filing them.

### **To the Juniors:**

Item: the right to dictate to the lower classmen especially the freshmen.

Item: A special janitor so they can get out of Room IV at 1.30.

### **To the Sophomores:**

Item: All rights and privileges enjoyed by the present junior class.

### **To the Freshmen:**

Item: The privilege of sitting across the hall from the seniors.

Item: A feeling of superiority when they see next year's freshmen

get lost and receive a reprimand.

To Helen Alhowik, a position on the girls' basketball team.

To Frances Ames, who is talking all the time, a special room so she won't disturb everybody else.

To Clifford Appleton, a memorandum pad to remind him to distribute slips at the request of Miss Allen.

To Margaret Arthur, a special taxi to take her to Fairview Inn.

To Grover Bailey, a ukelele to aid him when serenading Charlotte.

To Gertrude Berry, the position of class artist next year.

To George Blodgette, a new car so he can sell the old one for an antique.

To Gardiner Bolles, who likes to whisper, a screen to prevent the teacher from seeing him.

To Arthur Brennan, a rattle to help him to live up to the title of "Baby" though he looks the part without it.

To John Burke, a place in the orchestra as vocalist.

To John Carey, a straight packet to keep him from turning around and whispering

To Harold Chambers, a back seat in Room IV because he doesn't have to be watched.

To Frank Cook, a hot-dog to remind him of a certainment of this year's hot-dog squad.

To Gladys Cummins, Marion Grundstrum, Kathleen Singer, Beatrice Jedry, and Simonne Porter, who are very quiet, fifes and drums so they may form a fife and drum corps.

To Earle Dodge, a new car with which to get out of the woods if the old one breaks down.

To Evelyn Dodge, a position as a substitute teacher for Mrs. Lord.

To Marjorie Dolan, a piano so she



can play duets with Arthur.

To Norman Ewing, an honor seat in Room IV.

To George Galanis, a job taking care of the little freshmen next year.

To Amelia Grover, a bank to keep her "Nichols" in.

To George Greene, a megaphone to aid him in talking louder.

To Parker Hall, a position as delivering boy for Miss Allen's slips.

To Alice Hamm, a brush so that she may help a certain sign painter.

To Mildred Hardy, a horse to go with her "Shay."

To Avis Heald, a fire extinguisher to use if her hair catches on fire.

To Ellis Hodgkins, a chauffeur's suit so he will be elected class chauffeur next year.

To Ashley Jewett, a front seat in Room IV so the teacher can watch him.

To Paul Karchonas, the position of class janitor in Room IV.

To Eleanor King, a new taxi to bring her to school next year.

To Joseph Kobos, the position of class pest.

To Elsie Lang, some rubber heels so that she won't make so much noise.

To Sigrid Lind, the position of class man hater.

To Frederick Mackinney, an ear-phone so he can hear when the teachers talk to him.

To Richard Mansfield, who is the football captain, our best wishes for a successful season.

To Ileen Marcorelle, the honor of being class saint.

To Kenneth Morong, a ball and charm to hold him down.

To Francis Mullins, a position in the band of 1932.

To Arthur Nikas, some extra studies to keep him busy next year.

To Richard Pickard, a position as manager of the First National Store when he leaves school.

To Kenneth Poor, the honor of being class clown next year.

To Henry Prisby, a position on next year's basketball team.

To Edith Savage, a taxi to bring her over from Rowley to a Brownie Shop.

To Charlotte Smith, a life saver as a protection when she is out riding with Grover.

To Clinton Spencer, a small seat in Room IV that will fit him.

To Julia Stefanek, a dancer, a position as entertainer at next year's socials.

To Barbara Stone, who likes to play baseball, a place on the girls' team.

To Ida Wells, the cheer-leader, our best wishes for a successful season.

To Elizabeth Williams, the duty of dusting the Senior Room in 1932.

To Donald and Douglas Wood, pocket telephones so they can call each other up when worrying as to where the other one is.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will and testament, this seventeenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one.

Class of 1931.

On this seventeenth day of June, A. D. 1931, class of 1931 of Ipswich, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, declaring it to be their last will and testament and thereafter as witnesses we three at their request in their presence and in the presence of each other hereto subscribe our names.

Angus McLeod,

Fabian Ciolek, Pres.

Ralph Ladd, Vice Pres.



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## CLASS ODE

By Beatrice F. Laite

Now the sun is sinking slowly,  
And the night is drawing nigh,  
And a breeze is blowing softly  
Fleecy clouds are floating by.

For 'tis June time and a glad-time.  
We must leave our class-mates dear,  
And the parting is a sad time  
As we close our last school year.

Gently now the breeze is sweeping  
Bringing back the me'ries sweet,  
Weaving dreams into our keeping,  
Calling back the friends we meet.

Soon will come triumphant hours.  
High-School days will soon be o'er--.

We have walked the path of flow-  
ers;  
Now adventure lies before.

We have shadows of to-morrow,  
For our lives must now take form.  
We will pass through joy and sor-  
row,  
Weather sunshine and the storm.

"We learn not alone for school-days  
But we also learn for life."  
We will prosper, due to rule-days,  
We will conquer, win the strife.

Night has settled, stars are shining,  
And our dreams grow deeper too.  
In our heart there's close entwining,  
Thoughts of the school we love so  
true.

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## GRADUATION PROGRAM

M. H. S. MARCH Tozer  
M. H. S. Orchestra

INVOCATION  
Rev. James G. Cairns

SWEET AND LOW Barnby  
M. H. S. Chorus

ESSAY, In Defense of Puritanism  
Ralph Ladd

ESSAY, Germany's Contribution to Civilization  
Fabion Ciolek

MORNING INVITATION Veazie  
M. H. S. Glee Club

ESSAY, Art in Old Ipswich  
Ruth Beals

ESSAY, "Non Scholae sed Vitae Discimus"  
Gladys Durham

SOBRE LAS OLAS Seredy  
M. H. S. Orchestra

ADDRESS  
E. Mark Sullivan

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

Dr. Ernest J. Smith, Chairman of School Committee  
BENEDICTION

Rev. James G. Cairns

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## ANNUAL CLASS DAY EXERCISES

by

M. H. S. CLASS OF 1931

Wednesday, June 17, 1931

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### PART I

"THE GATEWAY" — a pageant.

#### Cast of Characters

PROLOGUE	John Patch
SPIRIT OF MANNING HIGH SCHOOL	Freda Dodge
GRADUATE	Helen Callahan
HEALTH	Helen Hebb
UNDERSTANDING	Ralph Ladd
ACCURACY	Vinson Sheppard
OBSERVATION	John Rhodes
APPRECIATION	Vera Scotton
SERVICE	Harry Munro
LABOR	Joseph Ross
AGRICULTURE	Catherine Sojka
COMMERCE	Robert Lord
LAW	Webster Stone
MEDICINE	Angus McLeod
FINE ARTS	Ruth Beals
MOTHER	Gilda Orsini
BOY	John Patch
GIRL	Beatrice Laite
CHARACTER	Gladys Durham
COURAGE	Winifred Austin
LOYALTY	Helen Brown
FAITH	Marion Henley
HOPE	Sophie Murdza
PURITY	Marion Ford
TRUTH	Norma Tozer
LOVE	Statia Egounis

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*(Annual Class Day Exercises---Continued)*

**PART II**

CLASS HISTORY	Frank Machaj
CLASS PROPHECY	Norma Tozer - John Patch
Time—1951	
Place—Office of Modern Air Line—New York	
GIFTS TO GIRLS	Phillip Blaisdell
GIFTS TO BOYS	Harriette Goodhue
CLASS WILL	Angus McLeod
SCHOOL SONG	
Music by M. H. S. Orchestra	

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**HONOR AWARDS**

Fourth year	Gold Ring
Gladys Durham '31	
Second year	Silver Pin
Evelyn Dodge '32	
John Patch '31	
Frank Machaj '31	
First year	Bronze Pin
Helen Callahan '31	
Ralph Ladd '31	
Norma Tozer '31	

**CLASS MOTTO**

“Non Scholae Sed Vitae Discimus.”  
(We learn not for school but for  
life.)

**HONOR STUDENTS**

The following have maintained  
an average of 85 percent for four  
years:

Ruth Beals  
Helen Brown  
Fabian Ciolek  
Gladys Durham  
Ruth Flewelling  
Atherton Howe  
Ralph Ladd  
Irene Lampropoulos





### JOSEPH ADAMOWICZ

"Joe" has the largest number of points in the class. Probably the fact that he is class womanhater is the reason for this. Although he is also class grandfather, he has been here only four years. He will also be remembered as violinist and leader of "Joe's Melody Boys."

French Club; A. A.; Latin Club.

### MANUEL ALEXOPOULOS

Whenever anyone is playing hockey or football, you'll find "Alex" in their midst due to his experience as center in both of these sports. He was also elected captain of the hockey squad.

Varsity Club; A. A.; Latin Club; Three-Letter Man.



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### WINIFRED AUSTIN

"Winnie" has a wonderful sense of humor and delights in playing jokes, her famous giggle having livened up many a dull moment. Although she has spent much of her time hiking on the beach road with her pal Gladys, she has also taken an active part in school activities.

A. A.; Glee Club; Past Vice-Pres. of Commercial Club; Vice Pres. of French Club; Candy Room Assistant; Assistant Stage Manager of Senior Play; Business Manager of Operetta; Cub and Tiger Staffs.



### RUTH BEALS

Ruth is class artist and one of the best students. What depths of full and good nature lie behind her seemingly prim visage!

Graduation Essay; French Club; A. A.; Glee Club; Cub and Tiger Staffs; Basketball.



### PHILLIP BLAISDELL

"Philly" is one of the few three-letter men in the class, having earned letters in basketball, baseball, and football. His devotion to "Hattie-bumps" earned him the title of class lover. Despite his red hair he made a very personable daddy in the Senior Play.

French Club; A. A.; Varsity Club; Cub and Tiger Stuffs; Class Actor; Gift to Girls.

### HELEN BROWN

"Brownie" is a quiet studious individual but well liked by everyone because of her appreciation of a good joke and her ready sympathy.

Basketball; Commercial Club; French Club; A. A.





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### HELEN CALLAHAN

Helen is the only girl this year to have received a letter and we are all proud of her, due to her fine work as cheer leader. She has a very lively temperament and it is easy to understand why the titles of class vamp and class actress were voted to her.

A. A.; President of French Club; Glee Club; Senior Play; Commercial Club.



### FABIAN CIOLEK

"Fabie" was class president during our senior year. In scholarship he was in the honor group, while they simply couldn't get along without him in the orchestra. From this it may be seen that whatever he does he does well.

A. A.; Tiger Staff; Band and Orchestra; Sec. of French Club; Graduation Essay; Latin Club.





#### EVELYN COMEAU

"Evie" is a shy retiring member who is very seldom heard outside of class. Her favorite outdoor sport is hiking. We hope she'll be successful as a teacher.

Glee Club; A. A.

#### BOLESŁAW CYNKUS

"Bolek" is there with the goods when it comes to tooting a "sax". In reward (or punishment) he was elected class serenader. Though usually mild he can inspire fear, as initiates to the Varsity Club well know.

A. A.; Varsity Club; Letterman in Hockey and Football; Band and Orchestra.



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### FREDA DODGE

In spite of the fact that "Tumpie" holds the key to Skipper's heart and that she is one of the Hot Dog Desperados, the class decided to overlook these weaknesses and accordingly she was elected the most popular girl.

Secretary of Glee Club; Operetta; President of Commercial Club; A. A.; Cub and Tiger Staffs; Senior Play; Basketball.



### ELMER DUNBAR

"Doggie" has a mysterious power which enables him to keep strictly away from the girls. We expect him to follow the sea, although he will have to resign himself to feminine long-distance swimmers.

A. A.; Hockey Letter.





### GLADYS DURHAM

Gladys has had a very busy life following in her brother's footsteps. She ruled us capably for two years as class president and was Editor-in-chief of the Cub and Tiger. Her friendly smile increased sales in the candy room. She was also the only senior to receive the insignia award for four years, and she was in the honor group.

Glee Club; Operetta; A. A.; Editor of Cub and Tiger; Business Manager of Senior Play; Class Author; French Club; Graduation Essay; Past Class Pres.; Gold Honor Award; Manager of Candy Room; Hot Dog Cashier; Ex-Pres. of Latin Club.

### GEORGE DZIADOSE

"Ponzi" was the main support of the backfield in football with his passing and running and an excellent guard in basketball. Classes would be dull without him to liven them up.

Three Letter Man; A. A.; Secretary of Varsity Club.



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### STATIA EGOUNIS

"Sta" is one of our Rowley members but she is always around when she is needed. She is very popular although "Mevie" takes up most of her time.

A. A.; Glee Club; Commercial Club.



### RUTH FLEWELLING

"Ruthie" is one of the studious members of our class, possessing great skill in oratory and in writing stories. Her happy-go-lucky nature and interest in sports have made her "Be-alls" inseparable chum.

A. A.; Glee Club; Cub and Tiger Staff; Basketball.



### MARION FORD

Marion is another jolly member of our class, being full of fun and keenly interested in school affairs. She was elected class boyologist; but it hardly seems possible since her interest is centered around a certain young man who is in the plumbing business.

A. A.; Vice-President of Glee Club; Operetta; Treasurer of Commercial Club.

### RUTH GILLIS

Like many who seemingly believe that "silence is golden," "Bossy" often surprises us with her laugh which when once aroused is almost unending. We expect business to boom when she starts her secretarial career.

A. A.; Glee Club; Commercial Club.





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### HARRIET GLOVER

Most of Harriet's time has been spent in studying and hiking with "Evie" Dodge. She intends to become a nurse, and we are sure she will be most efficient.

A. A.; Glee Club; Latin Club.



### HARRIETTE GOODHUE

Harriette's blond curls and blue eyes have been much envied although she herself seems to prefer red hair and was elected one of our class lovers.

Glee Club; Costume Manager of the Operetta; Publicity Manager of Senior Play; A. A.; French Club; Cub and Tiger Staffs.



### GRACE HEARD

Although Grace has wandered from one school to another, she finally decided to graduate with us. In the role of Aunt Abbie in the Senior Play she was perfect. Besides being an actress, she has many other talents and her position as guard on the basketball team was invaluable.

A. A.; French Club.

### HELEN HEBB

Most of us will remember Helen as Jane in the Operetta and a partner in the hot dog business. She also has been very efficient in commercial studies.

Cub and Tiger Staffs; A. A.; Commercial Club Secretary; Basketball; Glee Club.



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### MARION HENLEY

Marion is very much interested in athletics and was elected captain of the senior girls' basketball team which team, by the way, won the championship for two years. Her friendliness and conscientiousness ought to make her a very successful physical educator.

Basketball; Commercial Club.



### ATHERTON HOWE

"At" is our class athlete, having been the captain of the best football team Manning ever had. However, "At" has not only been popular on the gridiron but has also proved himself equally well-liked in school.

A. A.; Commercial Club; Senior Class Treasurer; President of Varsity Club; Football Letter.





### ANTHONY JEDREY

"Jerry's" infectious grin and cheerful disposition have made him a favorite with all of us. He seems more acquainted with the ways of the world than we do, perhaps due to the fact that when not living in Rowley he has been in exile in Mrs. Lord's room.

Commercial Club; A. A.; Assistant Stage Manager of Operetta.

### JOSEPHINE KOZENESKA

"Josie" is quiet but we seldom see her without a smile. Her hobby is whispering with "Nellie." We wonder what they find to talk about!

A. A.; Commercial Club; Glee Club.



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### RALPH LADD

"Laddie" has been quite prominent during his senior year. He is studious but often absent-minded. He did well in the senior play and has a gift for speaking and writing, being class orator and a literary editor of the Cub.

Manager of football, basketball and hockey; Senior Class Vice President; Graduation Essay; Bronze Award; Cub and Tiger Staff; French Club; A. A.



### BEATRICE LAITE

"Bea" was a blessing willed to us our senior year from Bangor High School. Her hobby of writing poetry resulted in her election as class poet.

Glee Club, Operetta, Tiger Staff.



### IRENE LAMPROPOULOS

Irene is one of those rare individuals who can be depended upon to have their homework done. She has shown an interest in literary work and we are sure that she will be able to keep law and order.

A. A.; French Club; Glee Club.

### ROBERT LORD

"Bob" made quite a name for himself as the disappointed lover in the senior play, although he really has been much more successful off-stage. In spite of his interest in the fairer sex, he seems quite determined to study forestry and we wish him the best of luck.

French Club; A. A.; Varsity Club; Baseball Manager; Senior Play.





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### FRANK MACHAJ

"Maj" won honors as best-looking boy and class sheik, as well as being an all-round athlete, which is rather a dangerous combination. He also will be remembered for his fine acting in the senior play.

Letters in football and basketball; Senior Play; A. A.; Varsity Club; Senior Class Secretary; Class Historian.



### RICHARD MASON

"Dickie" is a big addition, having come to us in our junior year. His love of fun, although somewhat exasperating and earning for him the title of class nut, makes us realize that Nahant's loss is our gain.

Commercial Club; A. A.



### ANGUS McLEOD

Angus plans to continue his studies at Mass. State College. We are quite sure that he will be as popular there as at Manning. Often times hungry seniors have been saved from starvation by his generosity which leads us to believe that not all Scotchmen are tight.

A. A.; French Club; Tiger Staff; Senior Play Property Manager; Operetta Stage Manager.

### MENRY MINICHIELLO

"Minnie" is rarely heard in class. His generosity in giving rides to his class mates will always be appreciated and his friendly smile is not to be forgotten.

A. A.; Commercial Club.



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### HARRY MUNRO

Tall, dark, and good looking, Harry has made a name for himself as being quite a daring heart-breaker. He has also proved himself to be a leader in athletics whenever he has been able to overcome scholastic difficulties.

Junior Class President; A. A. Secretary; Varsity Club Publicity Agent; French Club.



### SOPHIA MURDZA

Sophia's blond, curly hair and rosy cheeks are much envied. So much of her time has been spent with Gilda that we really have seen but little of her.

Glee Club; Operetta.





### GILDA ORSINI

How Gilda managed to refrain from whispering with Sophie long enough so that their rows were always dismissed on time is something the rest of us have not been able to understand. Her pleasant smile has brightened many a class. Glee Club; Operetta; A. A.

### JOHN PATCH

"Johnnie" is little but oh me!—we simply couldn't get along without our class clown and pest. He is the most popular boy—in fact he even makes teachers seem a trifle unnecessary. Honorable mention is accorded him as the elderly uncle in the senior play. His Chief worry seems to be getting to Latin in time to sit next to his weakness—who, by the way, is blue eyed and blond.

A. A.; Treasurer of French Club; Band; Cub and Tiger Staff; Varsity Club; Latin Club; Senior Play.



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### ELEANOR PEABODY

Eleanor, our class saint and grandmother, can always be depended upon to at least feign amusement and understanding of our attempted jokes, when all others fail to enjoy them. She also is very studious and enjoys her school work.

A. A.; Glee Club.



### MARY PERKINS

When you picture Mary, you think of blue eyes and dark curly locks—a wonderful combination indeed. “Ted” didn’t decide to graduate with us until late in the year but we’re all glad she came along.



### ROGER RAYMOND

"Roge" is yet another of the silent members of the class who is very well liked. His interest in the woods and wild life leads us to believe that he will become a naturalist, although some expect him to become a sheriff. His dry humor resulted in his being Joke Editor of the Tiger.

A. A.; French Club; Tiger Staff; Class Blusher.

### JOHN RHODES

"Johnnie" is the class baby and he protests very vigorously against it, declaring himself a man. We accept this with reservations since we really must pacify our infant.

A. A.; Commercial Club.





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### MURIEL RILEY

We missed Muriel when her long illness deprived us of her cheery disposition. It so often happens that one appreciates most things in life only after having to do without them. We wish her better luck in the years to come.

A. A.; Commercial Club; Glee Club.



### JOSEPH ROSS

"Jo-Jo" had an aspiration to get the bad boy's seat in Room 4 but was kidnapped by Mrs. Lord. However, he staged a comeback and reinstated himself in firm possession of it. Joe has been prominent as a three-letter man in athletics, having been the highest scorer on the gridiron. Classes would be dull without "Joe's" antics.

Varsity Club; French Club; A. A.



### RENA SAMATAS

Rena's giggle has been a great help in reminding us that she is still among us and enjoying herself. It is rumored that she is interested in aviation.

A. A.; Glee Club.

### VERA SCOTTON

Vera's time is well spent in sewing and taking care of Virginia. We owe many merry moments to her attempts at French pronunciation. Her pet pastime is guessing riddles—with the most amazing results.

A. A.; Commercial Club; French Club; Glee Club.



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### VIRGINIA SCOTTON

"Ginney" was chosen the class's prettiest girl. She is very jolly and seemingly willing to let Vera keep us in hilarity—however, her advice to Vera, though showing the best intentions, often causes much mirth.

A. A.; Glee Club Treasurer; Commercial Club; Operetta.



### VINSON SHEPPARD

"Coxy" is not our fault. He was born long before the rest of us. He has a superlative organ, his tongue. He is also quite an actor and his portrayals in the senior and varsity plays were most convincing. He was a pitcher in baseball although he made his letter in the outfield.

A. A.; Commercial Club; Varsity Club.



### CATHERINE SOJKA

"Nellie" always lets us know she is present with her ceaseless chatter, her chum "Josie" being the only one who surpasses her in the art of whispering incessantly. Her misconception of words is amusing but quite forgiveable.

A. A.; Commercial Club; Glee Club; Basketball.

### WEBSTER STONE

"Webby" is quiet and reticent. He is much interested in athletics, having been the catcher for baseball '30. We shall not be surprised to see him become a noted sports writer.

A. A.; Varsity Club; Commercial Club.





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### HOWARD STULTZ

"Howdy" was always considered very mild until we discovered that he had been living a secret life with some interesting friends in Danvers. He is self-conscious in class. The manner he has of swaying back and forth while reciting reminds us of a ship's mast in a high gale—and yet, we like him and simply couldn't get along without our mast.

A. A.; Commercial Club.



### SARAH TORPEY

Sarah, our class manhater, is the last in our long list of quiet comrades and she is equally necessary to our happiness. Her habit of tearing up paper, although a seemingly harmless form of amusement, brought rather disastrous results!



### NORMA TOZER

Norma is our class musician and together with "Johnny" Patch she gave a very interesting class prophecy. Her pastime is going on overnight hikes with Mrs. Lord and Edith and many are the tales that they tell us.

A. A.; French Club; Glee Club president; Operetta, Senior Play; Bronze Honor Award.

### JOHN WEGZYN

"Farmer" is seldom seen at Manning, and then he mingles only with the boys who consider him a good sport. We wonder how he spends his spare time!

A. A.



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### MARGARET WILE

"Mae" is the last one on the list but is by no means the least. Her changeable temperament never permits us to be quite sure how we stand with her. Nevertheless she is full of fun and enjoys a good time.

Operetta ; Glee Club ; Commercial Club ; A. A.



# Who's Who

NAME	NICKNAME	APPEARANCE	PASTIME	AMBITION	Favorite Expression
Adamowicz, Joseph	"Joe"	Leoline	Playing the violin	To be a dentist	"Gee"
Alexopoulos, Manuel	"Alex"	Healthy	Hitting a puck	Sell papers	"Paper"
Austin, Winifred	"Dixie"	Mysterious	Hiking down Argilla Rd.	To be a floriculturist	"Parce Domine"
Beals, Ruth	"Be Alls"	Striking	Studying	To become an artist	"I'll be jiggered"
Blaisdell, Phillip	"Chilly"	Redheaded	Athletics	To marry Harriette	"Scram"
Brown, Helen	"Brownie"	Stidious	Keeping the family company	To be a school marm	"You'd be surprised"
Callahan, Helen	"Johnnie"	Smart	Vamping	To be a fashion designer	"No kidding"
Ciolek, Fabian	"Fabe"	Serious	Fixing his desk	To put one over on Patch	"Meeting come to order"
Comeau, Evelyn	"Evie"	Quiet	Hiking	School teacher	"Hey kids"
Cynkus, Boleslaw	"Bolek"	Sagacious	Tooting a sax	To surpass Rudy Vallee	"Do we play tonight"
Dodge, Freda	"Skipper"	Flapptenish	Chasing under-class-men	Stenographer	"Wrap it up"
Dunbar, Elmer	"Tuggle"	Blond	Sailing	To possess an outboard motor	"O. K., neighbor"
Durham, Gladys	"Lea"	Sophisticated	Working on "Cub" and "Tiger"	Landscape gardener	"Ah, me"
Dziadosze, George	"Ponzi"	Powerful	Athletics	To play professional football	"Hee, hee"
Egounis, Stasia	"Sta"	Neat	Driving her truck	Secretary	"Oh, yeah?"
Flewelling Ruth	"Ruthie"	Studious	Chumming with "Be Alls"	Teacher	"Oh, cheer up!"
Ford, Marion	"Fordie"	Tony	Riding with George	Nurse	"Crines"
Gillis, Ruth	"Bossy"	Quiet	Working in a store	Secretary	"Oh, no"
Glover, Harriet	None	Studious	Taking care of "Philly"	Nurse	Never expresses herself
Goodhue, Harriette	"Hattie - bumps"	Classical	Reading	Artist	"Oh, Philly"
Heard, Grace	"Sister"	Healthy	Cooking hot-dogs	To marry a count	"Oh Goody"
Hebb, Helen	"Hebbie"	Peppy	Playing basketball	To be a radio artist	"Oh, what of it?"
Henley, Marion	None	Husky	Playing football	Physical instructor	Never expresses herself
Howe, Atherton	"At"	Anthropoid	Studying English	To be an athletic coach	"Signals"
Jedrey, Anthony	"Jerry"	Slim	Whispering with "Nellie"	To be a huntsman	"I don't know"
Kozeneska, Josephine	"Josie"	Quiet	Essay writing	To jump over the moon	"Oh, isn't it lovely"
Ladd, Ralph	"Laddie"	Studious		To create something beautiful	"Er - - - But"



Laite, Beatrice	"Beat"	Cute	Writing poetry	To u her in a new era of poetry	"I've got to concentrate"
Lampropoulos, Irene	"Peanuts"	Intellectual	Studying	Librarian	"Why - - -"
Lord, Robert	"Bob"	Cavemannish but good-natured	Making love	To study forestry	"Now - - - Now!"
Machaj, Frank	"Maj"	Handsome	Dodging work	Mass. State College	"Help me out"
Mason, Richard	"Dickie"	Citified	Teasing	To liven up Rowley	"When I was in Nahant"
McLeod, Angus	"Agnes"	Good-natured	Picking apples	To be popular with the ladies	"See if I care"
Minichiello, Henry	"Minnie"	Thick-set	Playing cards with "Bennie"	Go to G. E.	"Yah"
Munro, Harry	"Pansy"	Sheikish	Sheiking	To be collegiate	"Do anything to-night"
Murza, Sophia	"So"	Greta Garboian	Walking with Gilda	Ziegfield Follies	"Where's Gil?"
Orsini, Gilda	"Gil"	Romantic	Walking with Sophia	President's secretary	"Where's Sophia?"
Patch, John	"Johnnie"	Impish	Clowning	To be the only smart Irishman	"No, man"
Peabody, Eleanor	None	Saintly	Packing her student's bag	To decorate	"Shush!"
Perkins, Mary	"Ted"	Coy	Reading	Nurse	"Elah"
Raymond, Roger	"Roge"	Bashful	Trapping	To be a forester	"- - - 5 skunks, 45 muskrats, etc."
Rhodes, John	"Johnnie"	Contented	Working at Hall's	To be a man	"Ha! Ha!"
Riley, Muriel	"Mu"	Genial	Smiling at everyone	Nurse	"Well?"
Ross, Joseph	"Jo-Jo"	Jolly	Cutting up	To go to college	"Aha, little man"
Samatas, Rena	"Renee"	Quiet	Walking	Aviatrux	"For crying out loud"
Scotton, Vera	"Ve"	Petite	Sewing	To teach French	"That ain't so"
Scotton, Virginia	"Ginny"	Very pretty	Teasing Vera	To be "Miss America"	"Don't be silly"
Shenard, Vinson	"Coxy"	Villainous	Talking	To run the world	"And so I says - - -"
Sojka, Catherine	"Nellie"	Tomboyish	Giggling	To be champion talker	"Oh, Henry"
Stone, Webster	"Web"	Impassive	Claming	To be a sports writer	Never expresses himself
Stultz, Howard	"Howdy"	Red Headed	Riding horses	To be popular with the ladies	"Haven't got any money"
Torney, Sarah	"Torpy"	Demure	Whispering	To prove she is not a man-hater	"Humph"
Tozer, Norma	"Nonnie"	Sporty	Hiking with Edith	To travel	"Oh! Gosh, I don't know"
Wegzyn, John	"Farmer"	Rough	Playing pool	To be intelligent	"Oh, how I love to spread it"
Wile, Marguerite	"Mae"	Attractive	Dancing	Secretary	"I wish he didn't live so far away"



### FOOTBALL TEAM

Back row—Atherton Howe, Captain; J. Ross, G. Dziadose, R. Mansfield  
 Coach Robert Conary  
 Front row—T. Budzianoski, A. Anzonia, G. Greene, M. Alexopoulos, F. Machaj,  
 N. Ewing, Phillip Blaisdell.

## SPORTS REVIEW

### FOOTBALL

Manning had a very successful season this year coming through with a total of seven victories and four defeats. The team was scored on only once on its home field. They defeated the strong Johnson team which had not suffered a defeat for two seasons by a score of 13 - 6. They also defeated their traditional rival Manchester by the largest

score ever scored in a Manchester - Ipswich game.

Lynn English	40	Ipswich	0
Swampscott	13	Ipswich	0
Andover	51	Ipswich	7
Rockport	6	Ipswich	13
Salem N. H.	0	Ipswich	20
Johnson	6	Ipswich	13
Danvers	13	Ipswich	12
Rockport	0	Ipswich	7
Hampton Academy	0	Ipswich	25
Dummer Seconds	0	Ipswich	21
Manchester	0	Ipswich	32



### BOYS' BASKETBALL

Back row—Mr. Conary, Coach; Joseph Ross; Anzoni; Ralph Ladd, Manager  
 Front row—Frank Machaj; George Dziadose; Tony Budzianowski; Phillip Blaisdell;  
 John Patch

### BASKETBALL

The Manning basketball team started off in good shape and continued with a fairly successful season, winning five games and losing seven. Basketball as the boys play it is a comparatively new sport in this high school. Moreover, they are handicapped by the fact that they have to practice in the evenings. The scores were as follows:

Groveland 15	Ipswich 20
Johnson 51	Ipswich 18
West Newbury 19	Ipswich 28
Manchester 19	Ipswich 18
West Newbury 24	Ipswich 22
Merrimac 21	Ipswich 29
Johnson 17	Ipswich 14
Rockport 11	Ipswich 21
Manchester 50	Ipswich 14
Rockport 28	Ipswich 19
Merrimac 13	Ipswich 29





#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back row—Grace Heard, Ruth Beals, Virginia Scotton, Helen Hebb.  
Front row—Ruth Flewelling, Catherine Sojka, Marion Henley, Freda Dodge,  
Helen Brown

#### BASEBALL

The baseball team this year has had an unusually gratifying amount of victories. They have had one of the hardest schedules of any team so far. The freshman team under the direction of Coach Conary has won every game played, and it is the opinion of some of the school that it is as good as the Varsity. They have played to date (June 1) teams from Rowley, Hamilton, Topsfield, Dummer, Marblehead,

Essex, and have defeated every team by a large score. The scores of the Varsity team to date are as follows:

Danvers 6	Manning 8
Topsfield 1	Manning 39
Gloucester 3	Manning 11
Rockport 6	Manning 11
Marblehead 14	Manning 16
Johnson 8	Manning 5
Manchester 5	Manning 7
Danvers 7	Manning 1





### HOCKEY SQUAD

Standing—Ralph Ladd '31, Manager; Murray Adams '33; Chester Bartnisky '34;  
James Burke, Coach  
Seated—Tony Cynkus '33; Manuel Alexopoulos '31, Captain; John Bialek '33  
Ellis Hodgkins '33; Gaston Belanger '33

### HOCKEY

The 1931 hockey season got under way under the direction of Coach Burke. Alexopoulos was captain and had a very successful season considering the material and the heavy schedule. Out of seven games played we won three and lost four. The following games were played with the resulting scores:

Manning 0	Hampton Academy 1
Manning 0	Haverhill 5
Manning 8	Danvers 1
Manning 0	Haverhill 5
Manning 1	Needham 3
Manning 1	Beverly 0
Manning 4	Hampton Academy 3



### SENIOR PLAY

Back row—Robert Lord, Angus McLeod, Roger Raymond.

Middle row—John Patch, Winifred Austin, Grace Heard, Freda Dodge, Gladys Durham, Ralph Ladd.

Front row—Vinson Sheppard, Helen Callahan, Phillip Blaisdell, Norma Tozer, Frank Machaj.

### SENIOR PLAY

“Adam and Eva,” an enticing three-act comedy, was ably performed on January twenty-ninth.

We are very proud of Helen Callahan who made a charming little Eva, and also Vinson Sheppard, the daring hero. Grace Heard as Aunt Abbey, and Phillip Blaisdell as James, had very difficult characters to portray, but they did them to per-

fection. Freda Dodge did very well as a maid, and, last but not least, Frank Machaj and Norma Tozer, did excellent work in giving much zest to the parts of “Clinton” and “Julie DeWitt.”

On the whole, everyone seemed well pleased with the performance, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Nichols who directed it.



#### VARSITY CLUB

Back row—W. Stone, Vassilopoulos, N. Ewing, Mr. Merson, T. Budzianowski

Third row—Mr. Conary, M. Alexopoulos, G. Greene, J. Ross, F. Machaj,

T. Cynkus, R. Ladd, Mr. Burke

Second row—J. Patch, B. Cynkus, A. Howe, H. Munro, G. Dziadose, R. Denningham

Front row—G. Bailey, R. Lord, P. Blaisdell, G. Player, V. Sheppard, R. Mansfield

#### OPERETTA

##### "Peggy and the Pirate"

In place of the annual Glee Club Concert this year an operetta was given by the pupils of the high school, on May 22. The performance proved to be one of the most unusual and interesting entertainments ever given by the high school. Much thanks must be given to Mr. Tozer and his wife for their time and effort in making it a success.

It was necessary for all taking

part in the cast to have a good singing voice as well as acting ability.

Peggy and her pirate hero Bill were well portrayed by Norma Tozer and Donald Wood. The part of Winnie, Peggy's chum, was well taken by Helen Callahan, and playing opposite her was Ashley Jewett as Don. Helen Hebb, as the country club hostess deserves special mention because of her fine voice. Phillip Blaisdell and Ruth Beals made a fine Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield, the mother and father of Peggy.





#### A. A. OFFICERS

Standing—Norman Ewing, John Burke - Seated—Harry Munro, Webster Stone

The humorous parts were Bingo, the colored porter, and McGinnis and Gassaway, the two villains. These parts were taken by Douglas Wood, Frank Cook, and Richard Pickard respectively.

Besides the principal characters was a chorus of thirty voices, twenty girls, and ten boys, and eight dan-

cers who added much to the effect. In the first act all were dressed in colorful sports costumes, and the bright pirate and gypsy costumes worn in the second act were very striking and attractive.

All taking part should be congratulated on their fine co-operation.





#### GLEE CLUB OFFICERS

Virginia Scotton, Freda Dodge, Norma Tozer, Marion Ford.

#### ALUMNI

Alumni of Manning High who are graduating this year from institutions of higher learning:

Virgene Hamilton '27 from Boston University.

Elizabeth Glover '27 from Boston

University.

Paul Hayes '27 from Bowdoin.

Rogers Lord '27 from Bates College.

Corinna Bourque '27 from Salem Hospital.

Eleanor Dodge '27 from Salem Hospital.



### M. H. S. ORCHESTRA

Back row—F. Mullens, M. Adams, B. Cynkus, B. Andrion, E. Smith.

Middle row—Mr. Tozer, J. Maciejowski, A. Scahill, D. Woods, E. Crosmond, J. Gorski

Front row—N. Tozer, J. Kobos, W. Poor, W. Grant, F. Ciolek, C. Bailey, J. Patch

Hilda Dupray '27 from Salem Hospital.

Herbert Morrill '26 from Boston University.

### MARRIAGES

Mary Munro '25 and Alexander Mullholland.

Ida Daniels and Thomas Henley '25.

Katherine Cameron '25 and Earl Ewing '25.

Mary Keyes '27 and Payson Todd.

Helen Wyman and Clarence Gould '24.

### CLASS CELEBRITIES

Actor—Phillip Blaisdell.

Actress—Helen Callahan.

Artist—Ruth Beals

Athlete—Atherton Howe

Author—Gladys Durham

Baby—John Rhodes

Best Looking Boy—Frank Machaj.

Bluffer—Phillip Blaisdell.

Blusher—Roger Raymond.

Boyologist—Marion Ford.

Caveman—Atherton Howe.

Clown—John Patch.

Grandfather—Joseph Adamowicz.



#### FACULTY

Standing, left to right—Miss Blodgett, Miss Allen, Mrs. Lord, Mr. Burke, Mr. Tozer,  
Miss Mann, Miss Swett.  
Seated—Mr. Merson, Mrs. Cruickshank, Mr. Whipple, Miss Blood, Mr. Conary  
Miss Atwood

Grandmother—Eleanor Peabody.  
Lovers—Harriette Goodhue, Phillip  
Blaisdell.  
Man Hater—Sarah Torpey.  
Most Popular Boy—John Patch.  
Most Popular Girl—Freda Dodge.  
Musician—Norma Tozer.  
Nut—Richard Mason.  
Orator—Ralph Ladd.  
Pest—John Patch.  
Poet—Beatrice Laite.  
Prettiest Girl—Virginia Scotton.  
Saint—Eleanor Peabody.  
Serenader—Boleslaw Cynkus.  
Sheik—Frank Machaj.

Vamp—Helen Callahan.  
Woman Hater—Joseph Adamowicz

#### AS THE POETS SEE US:

Joseph Adamowicz—  
“Tell me, tell me, Grandpa, for  
I want to know  
Where it is it comes from and  
how you make it grow.  
What? Your good nature.”  
Manuel Alexopoulos—  
“He speaks not a word but goes  
straight to his work.”





#### CUB STAFF

Back row—Ashley Jewett '32, Joke Editor; Ruth Flewelling '31, Literary Editor;  
 Freda Dodge '31, Typist; John Burke '32, Assistant Sport Editor  
 Middle row—Anne Patch '33, Class Reporter; Theodora Burbank '34, Class Reporter;  
 Norma Tozer '31, Social Editor; Ruth Beals '31, Art Editor; Eleanor King '32,  
 Class Reporter; Frances Ames '32, Exchange Editor.  
 Front row—Marjorie Dolan '32, Alumni Editor; Phillip Blaisdell '31, Sport Editor;  
 Winifred Austin '31, Literary Editor; Gladys Durham '31, Editor-in-Chief;  
 Ralph Ladd '31, Literary Editor; Helen Hebb '31, Typist;  
 John Patch '31, Business Manager.

Winifred Austin—

"A fine rich nature, free to trust  
 Faithful and almost sternly just."

Ruth Beals—

"Let me but do my work from  
 day to day."

Phillip Blaisdell and

Harriette Brown—

"When birds do sing, hey ding a-  
 ding,

Baby Lovers love the Spring."

Helen Brown—

"Here's to Brownie, she's a won-  
 der

And you'll find she seldom makes  
 a blunder."

Helen Callahan—

"My love in her attire doth shew  
 her wit

It doth so well become her."

Fabian Ciolek—

"A friend good and true, yes Fa-





M H S. BAND

bian, that's you."  
 Evelyn Comeau—  
 "Here's to a girl who sure can  
 work  
 And at a task she does not shirk."  
 Boleslaw Cynkus—  
 "I want a lyre with golden  
 strings."  
 Freda Dodge—  
 "Let me live in a house by the  
 side of the road  
 And be a friend to man."  
 Elmer Dunbar—  
 "Tears, idle tears, I know not  
 what they mean."  
 Gladys Durham—  
 "Just our Gladys quaint and  
 sweet,  
 The nicest girl one would wish to

meet."  
 George Dziadosze—  
 "What wondrous life is this I  
 lead."  
 Statia Egounis—  
 "Here's to Statia with eyes of  
 blue  
 Mev' asks for a kiss and she says,  
 'Take two'.  
 Ruth Flewelling—  
 "Our Ruth is tall and stately, very  
 fair to see  
 They say it is rumored lately that  
 a teacher  
 She will be."  
 Marion Ford—  
 "Just to be cheery when things  
 go wrong  
 I make my way with a merry



### TIGER STAFF

Back row—Atherton Howe, Assistant Advertising Manager; Fabian Ciolek, Assistant Advertising Manager; Angus McLeod, Advertising Manager; Ralph Ladd, Associate Editor; Roger Raymond, Joke Editor.  
 Middle row—Phillip Blaisdell, Sport Editor; Ruth Flewelling, Alumni Editor; Norma Tozer, Associate Editor; Ruth Beals, Art Editor; John Patch, Business Manager.  
 Front row—Beatrice Laite, Associate Editor; Winifred Austin, Associate Editor; Gladys Durham, Editor-in-chief; Freda Dodge, Typist; Helen Hebb, Typist.

song.”  
 Ruth Gillis—  
 “Ruth likes her school work and  
 does it very well  
 We know she likes some other  
 folks, but she will  
 Never tell.”  
 Harriet Glover---  
 “She takes them as she finds them  
 It is always so with her.”  
 Grace Heard—  
 “Gracie is a little star

In studies she gets ranks that  
 are.”  
 Helen Hebb—  
 “Here’s to the girlio, who is so  
 sweetio  
 She likes to flirtio, with a certain  
 friend Bobio.”  
 Marion Henley—  
 “She’s a wonder on the basketball  
 floor  
 She’s as good as any other four.  
 Now you see her, now you do not



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Standing—Atherton Howe, Treasurer; Frank Machaj, Secretary;  
Ralph Ladd, Vice President.  
Seated—Fabian Ciolek, President

And before you know it, the basket  
is shot."

Atherton Howe—

"I am a man, strong and tough  
I teach 'em nothing, show 'em  
nothing

Treat them nice and rough."

Anthony Jedrey—

"Oh, who will walk a mile with  
me  
Along life's merry way."





#### LOWER CLASS OFFICERS

Standing—James Austin '33, Douglas Woods '32, Meredith Clapp '34, Arthur LeClair '34, Ashley Jewett '32, Robert Laite '34.  
Seated—George Greene '32, Peter Retales '33, Richard Mansfield '32, Curtis Haley '34, Margaret Hamm '33, Sylvia Todd '33.

Josie Kozeneska—

“Josie may be full of fun  
But at school she rarely shows it.”

Ralph Ladd—

“Let knowledge grow from more  
to more.”

Beatrice Laite—

“I must go down to the seas  
again, to the  
Lonely sea and the sky.”

Irene Lampropoulos—

“Irene is a winsome lass  
Quite an asset to our class.”

Robert Lord—

“Famed in story and in fable for  
the way he does get by

You’ve got to look at Bobby to  
see a real wise guy.”

Frank Machaj—

“The sheik of the class, the best-  
looking too  
Here’s to Frankie, a friend good  
and true.”

Richard Mason—

“Here’s to Dick with his curly  
hair  
The answer to a maiden’s  
prayer.”

Angus McLeod—

“Smiling ever smiling  
As his way he wends.”





COMMERCIAL CLUB OFFICERS

Helen Brown, Helen Hebb, Marion Ford, Freda Dodge.

---

Henry Minichiello—

"Give her but a least excuse to  
love me."

Harry Munro—

"O, talk not to me of a name great  
in story

The days of our youth are the  
days of our glory."

Gilda Orsini—

Sophia Murdza—

"It's always fair weather  
When we are together."

John Patch—

"Blessings on thee, little man  
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan,  
With thy turned—up pantaloons



#### CHEER LEADERS

Standing—Ida Wells, Helen Callahan - Seated—Anne Adamowicz

And they merry whistled tunes.”  
 Eleanor Peabody—  
 “Her eyes too modest to dazzle  
 but oh,  
 They win you to love her, wheth-  
 er you will or no.”  
 Mary Perkins—  
 “Blue are her eyes as the fairy-

flax.”  
 Roger Raymond—  
 “A very quiet youth is he.”  
 Muriel Riley—  
 “A maid so gentle, a maid so  
 sweet.”  
 John Rhodes—  
 “A Babe in a house is a well-



#### BIRD CLUB OFFICERS

Standing—Elizabeth Rand, John Alexander.

Seated—Richard Mansfield, Margaret Arthur.

spring of pleasure.”  
Joseph Ross—  
I had to grin to think about  
The fun I had before they caught  
me.”

Rena Samatas—  
“She sure is small, but that’s not

all  
If you look for a friend, on Rena  
call.”  
Vera Scotton—  
“Always smiling, always sweet  
Is our Vera, whom we meet.”

Virginia Scotton—

"Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens  
are."

Vinson Sheppard—

"My twentieth year is well nigh  
past."

Catherine Sojka—

"Here's a bright and smiling face  
To be seen in many a place."

Webster Stone—

"I wander lonely as a cloud."

Howard Stultz—

"Life I know not what thou art."

Sarah Torpey—

"If only a man would come my  
way."

Norma Tozer—

"One of those girls with a 'linger-  
longer' look."

John Wegzyn—

"Wegzyn is his name  
We wonder what's his aim."

Marguerite Wile—

"Spry and airy on her feet  
Dancing is her special treat  
No matter where this girl should  
go  
She trips the light fantastic toe."

---

### EXCHANGE

The exchange has been particularly good this year. We have heard from various school magazines and journals from all parts of the country. It has been very interesting to know what other school journals are doing and what they think of the Cub. They are as follows:

"The Broadcaster" Central City, Nebraska.

"The Purple Parrot" Gray, New York.

"The Authentic" Stoneham, Mass.

"The Ray" Salem, N. H.

"The Aegis" Beverly High.

"Rocks and Pebbles" Rockport, High.

"The Hamiltonian" Hamilton High.

"The Pinion" McKinley High, Honolulu, Hawaii.

"Cumtux" Alexandris, Louisiana.

"Girls High Mirror" San Francisco, California.

"The Gleam" Johnson High, St. Paul, Minnesota.

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### SONGS INSPIRED BY THE CLASS OF 1931

Joseph Adamowicz—"One Alone."

Manuel Alexopoulos—"I'll Get By."

Winifred Austin—"Danny Boy."

Ruth Beals—"An Old Fashioned Girl."

Phillip Blaisdell—"My Baby Just Cares For Me."

Helen Brown—"I Ain't Got Nobody."

Helen Callahan—"To Be In Love."

Fabian Ciolek—"Everybody Loves Me."

Evelyn Comeau—"Me and The Man In The Moon."

Boleslaw Cynkus—"With My Guitar And You."

Freda Dodge—"Oh Where Is My Wandering 'Tumpie' Tonight?"

Elmer Dunbar—"I Never Knew What The Moonlight Could Do."

Gladys Durham—"I'm Just A Vagabond Lover."

George Dziadoze—"What Is This Thing Called Love."

Statia Egounis—"We'd Make A Peach Of A Pair."

Ruth Flewelling—"Can't Be Bothered."



Marion Ford—"Simply 'George'-ous."

Ruth Gillis—"I've Got A Feeling I'm Falling."

Harriet Glover—"Lonesome."

Harriette Goodhue—"My Man."

Grace Heard—"Somebody's Going To Get You."

Helen Hebb—"Just A Little Closer"

Marion Henley—"Happy Days Are Here Again."

Atherton Howe—"Chant Of The Jungle."

Anthony Jedrey—"My Kinda Love."

Josephine Kozeneska—"She's A New Kind Of A Girl."

Beatrice Laite—"Kenny."

Irene Lampropoulos—"Half Way To Heaven."

Ralph Ladd     )

Robert Lord    ) Tenting To-Night

Roger Raymond)

Frank Machaj—"I'm The Last One Left On The Corner."

Richard Mason—"What's The Use."

Angus McLeod—"Go Home And Tell Your Mother."

Henry Minichiello—"My Time Is Your Time."

Harry Munro—"Ragamuffin Romeo."

Sophie Murdza)

Gilda Orsini    )

        "Me And My Shadow."

John Patch—"Whoopie."

Eleanor Peabody—"To Dream In The Moonlight."

Mary Perkins—"Blue Eyes."

John Rhodes—"Sing Something Simple."

Muriel Riley—"In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree."

Joseph Ross—"Just A Gigolo."

Rina Samatas—"Little Pal."

Vera Scotton—"I Prefer The Talkies."

Virginia Scotton—"O Hello Beautiful."

Vinson Sheppard—"Give Yourself A Pat On The Back."

Catherine Sojka—"Laughing At Life."

Webster Stone—"All By Myself In The Moonlight."

Howard Stultz—"I Know There Is Somebody Waiting."

Sarah Torpey—"Ah! Sweet Mystery Of Life."

Norma Tozer—"Any Man Will Do."

John Wegzyn—"Barnacle Bill."

Mae Wile—"My Troubles Are Over."

---

## JOKES

Johnnie: "Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo!"

Mother: "What's the matter Johnnie?"

Johnnie: "Papa dropped a picture on his toe."

Mother: "Well, that's too bad, but you mustn't cry about it."

Johnnie: "I didn't. I laughed. Boo Hoo!"

He: "Do you want to marry a one-eyed man?"

She: "Why, of course not."

He: "Then let me carry the umbrella."

Angry father: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter."

Jim: "I wish you would, old chap. I'm not making much progress."

Teacher: "Pleasant vacation to you all and I hope you come back with more sense."

Children: "Same to you."

"What's a synonym?"

"A synonym is a word you see when you can't spell the other one."

"What's limburger cheese composed of?"

"It isn't composed. It's decomposed."

He: "Honestly, do you women like egotistical men as well as the other kind?"

She: "What other kind?"

"What in the world are you jumping back in the water for? You just swam ashore," an onlooker asked an Irishman.

"Sure," replied Pat, "I had to save myself first; now I'm going back to fetch Mike."

"What are you going to be in your future life . . .?"

"A dead man?"

Teacher (grasping arm of an unruly freshman) "I believe Satan has ahold on you."

Fresh.: "I believe so, too."

(Mrs. Lord after translating a section of Latin)—"How would you do that, Miss Austin?"

Winnie Austin: "The same way you did."

While parading a corridor, a giggling freshman girl was approached by a tall, nice-looking young man.

He: "What's your name?"

She: "I won't tell you."

He: "Report to me at 2.30 Room A."

An astonished look came over her face and she gasped, "I thought he was one of those fresh seniors."

"Did you get the answer to the first problem?"

"No."

"How far were you from it?"

"About five seats."

An absent minded professor, going into a store to buy a jar of jam, noticed one upside down and said, "How absurd! The jar has no mouth." Turning it over, he was once more astonished. "Why, the bottom is gone too," he exclaimed.

Teacher: "Give an example of a conjunction."

Student: "The horse was hitched to the tree by a rope. The rope is a conjunction because it connects the tree to a rope."

After Thanksgiving dinner—

"What's the matter Jimmy? You look mournful."

"That's just it. I am more'n full."

Bobbie Lord: "I wish I was twins."  
"Why?"

Bobbie: "I'd send the other half of me to school and this half would go swimming."

---

Harriette: (after reading Hale's great story) "What could be more sad than a man without a country."

Helen: "A country without a man."

The kind old man met his little friend Willie.

"Hello, Willie," he exclaimed, "And how is your grandpa standing the heat?"

"Ain't heard yet," answered Willie. "He's only been dead a week."

Dumb: "Didn't I see you in Atlantic City last week?"

"No, I never was in Atlantic City."

Dumb: "Neither was I. It must have been two other fellows."

## Limericks

---

There was a young man named Paul  
Who went to a fancy dress ball.  
He went just for fun  
Dressed up as a bum  
And was et by the dog in the hall.

There was a young fisher named  
Fisher  
Fished for fish from the edge of a  
fissure.  
A fish with a grin  
Pulled the fisherman in  
Now they're fishing the fissure for  
Fisher.

---

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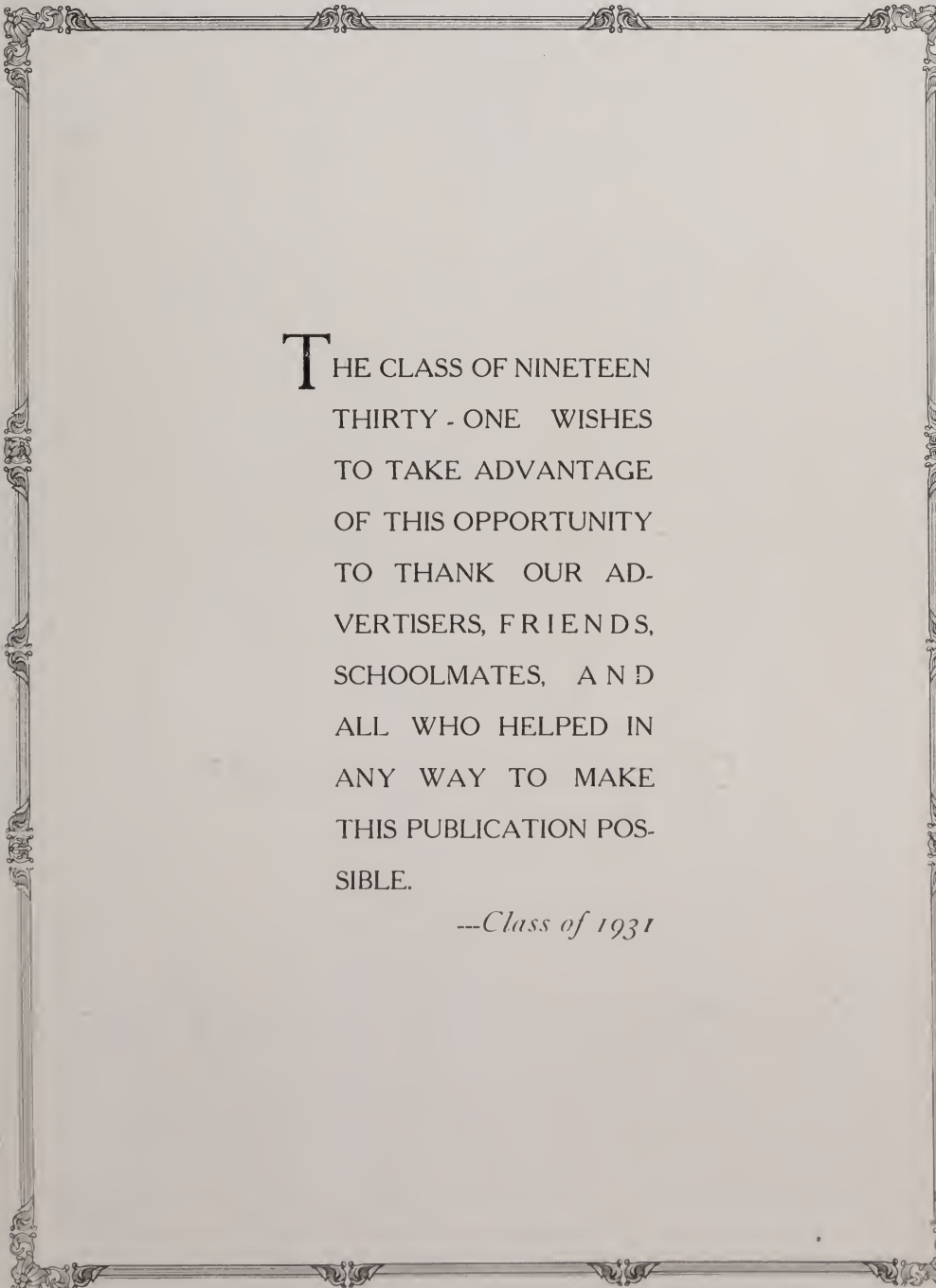
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